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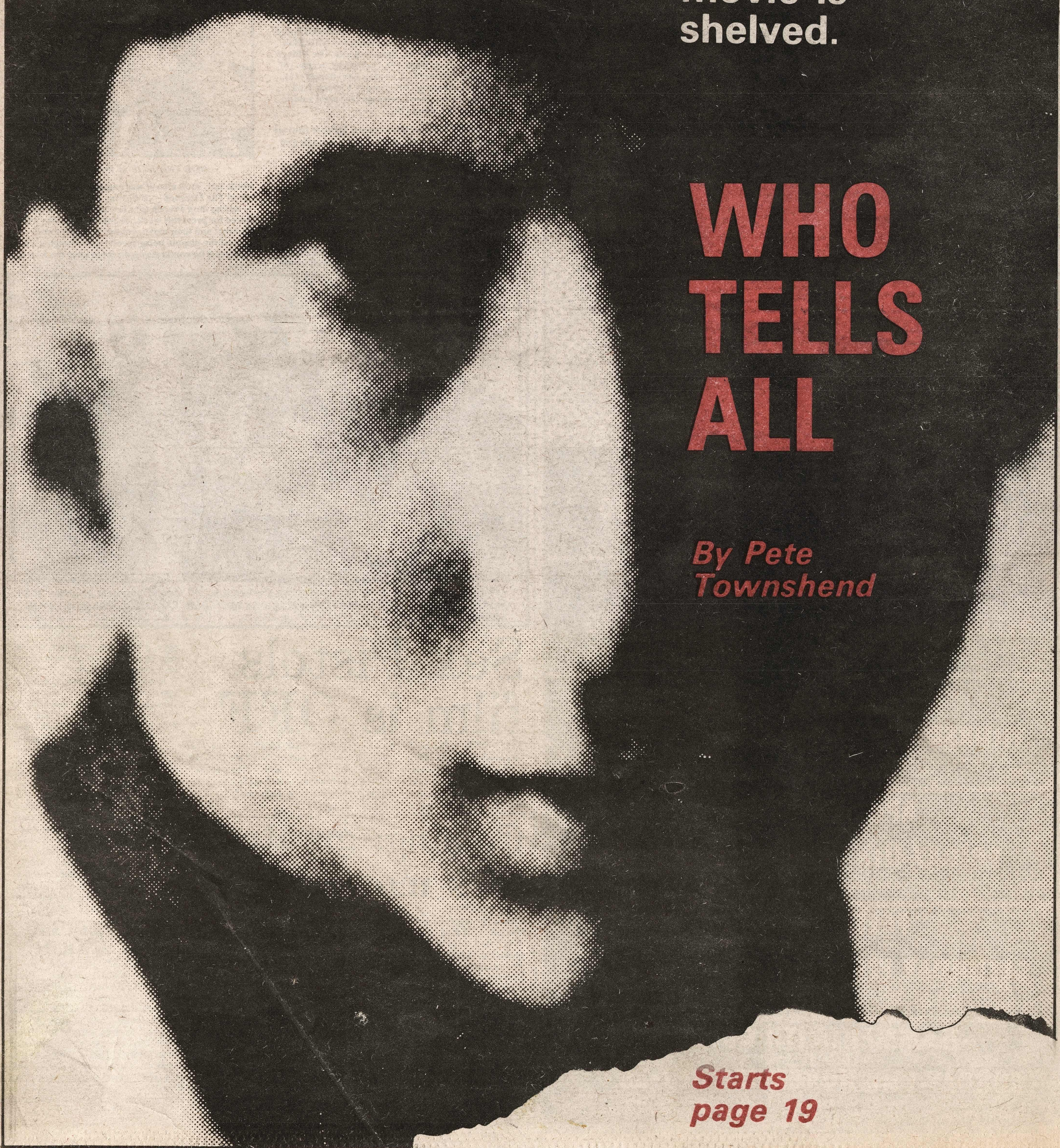
new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Jimmy Page stomps split rumours/Jam, Damned, Rats tours/Sex Pistols LP reviewed, movie is shelved.



WHO TELLS ALL

By Pete Townshend

Starts page 19

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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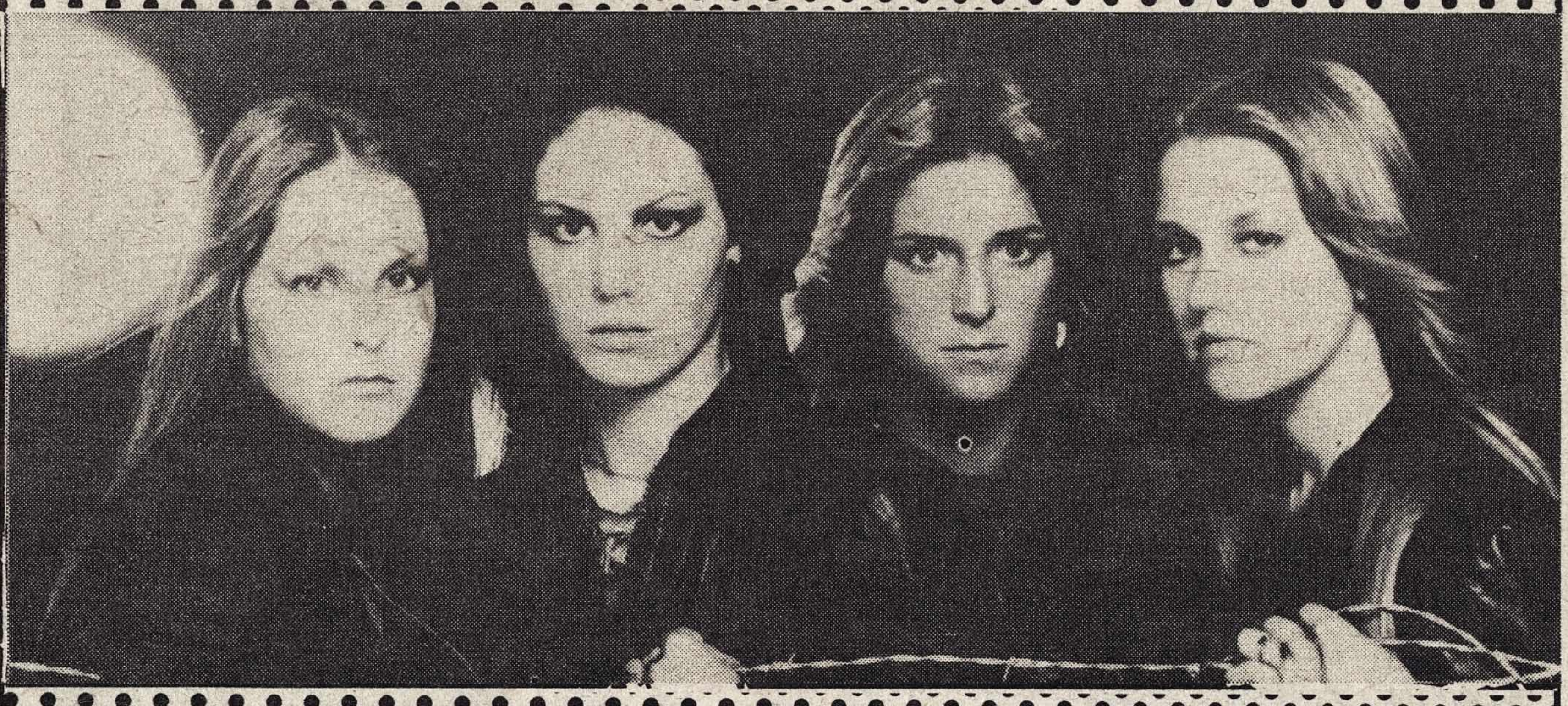

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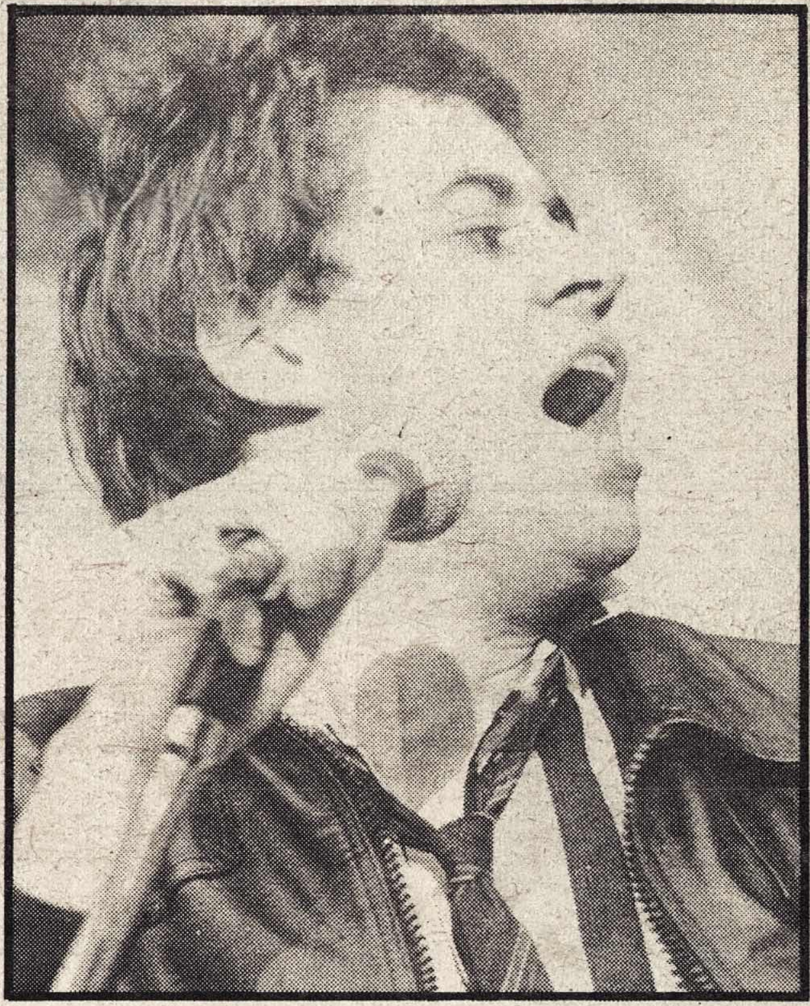
USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

NEWS

Jam, Damned,

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the major late autumn tour by The Jam, which visits 23 key towns around the country, climaxing in a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon. It ties in with the release this weekend by Polydor of the band's second album "This Is The Modern World", reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

The tour itinerary comprises Newcastle Mayfair (November 18), Leeds University (19), Liverpool Empire (20), Cardiff Top Rank (22), Leicester University (24), Derby Kings Hall (25), Aylesbury Civic Centre (26), Sheffield Top Rank (27), Birmingham Top Rank (28), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (29), Glasgow Apollo (30), Bracknell Sports Centre (December 2), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (3), Bristol Locarno (4), Bournemouth The Village (5), Brighton Top Rank (7), Coventry Locarno (8), Canterbury Odeon (9), Croydon Greyhound (11), Lancaster University (14), Hanley Victoria Hall (15), Cambridge Corn Exchange (16) and London Hammersmith Odeon (18).



BOB GELDOF of the Rats.

THE DAMNED begin a major British tour at the end of next week, lasting for a month and including three nights at London Roundhouse. And special guests on all dates are the highly-rated U.S. new-wave outfit, Dead Boys. The tour ties in with the November 18 release of their new Stiff Records album "Music For Pleasure", produced by Pink Floyd stalwart Nick Mason.

It seems likely that drummer Rat Scabies will be back with the band for their tour. He played on the album but, soon after it was completed, he walked out of The Damned — following an internal bust-up — during their French tour last month. As NME closed for press this week, he was having talks with the band and their management, and there were signs of the dispute being resolved — though it's not yet clear if he would stay with them once the tour is over.

THE DAMNED pictured at the studios with (bottom row, left to right) prodigal drummer RAT SCABIES, producer NICK MASON and veteran saxist LOL COXHILL who guests on the album.

Sex Pistols film is OFF

THE SEX PISTOLS' much-vaunted debut film "Who Killed Bambi?" is off — at any rate, for the time being. After weeks of preparation, shooting was due to begin at Bray Studios last week — but the project has now been put on the shelf, sets and stages dismantled, and director Russ Meyer has returned to Los Angeles.

The movie was to have co-starred Marianne Faithfull, whose role included a red-hot love scene with Johnny Rotten!

Reason for the postponement apparently involves finances. Initially intended as a low-budget picture, it escalated into a £750,000 production, which was not the type of film the band's manager Malcolm McLaren originally planned. It was being financed by the Michael White Organisation, 20th Century Fox, Warner Brothers Records and Virgin, but one of these backers (which one is unclear) dropped out — and with the new high budget, it wasn't possible to solve this problem at short notice.

One of the producers, Jeremy Thomas, said he's confident the film will be resurrected in due course — but it was too early to suggest when it might resume.

Coming: greatest rock movie ever

PLANS FOR the "greatest rock film ever made" were revealed this week. Titled "Rock On", it will take a year to complete, featuring many of the world's top rock superstars filmed in exotic locations around the world. The significance of the movie can be gauged from the appointment of Britain's leading rock promoter, Harvey Goldsmith, as Production Executive charge of casting.

Producer is Sylvia Anderson (of "Space 1999" and "Thunderbirds" fame) and the director is Tony Klinger ("Gold", "Shout At The Devil" and "Butterfly Ball"), with record producer Martin Birch in charge of sound.

The picture is expected to get under way as soon as Klinger has completed work on "The Kids Are Alright", starring The Who, which he is currently directing. No names have yet been announced, but a spokesman said: "The problem is not who to cast, but who to leave out. This will be the complete rock film extravaganza". It will go on release in 1979.

● Meanwhile, London Rainbow presents the first and only U.K. showing of the film "The London Rock And Roll Show" on November 28. Filmed at Wembley Stadium in 1972, it features Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Bill Haley, Bo Diddley and many others. Tickets are now available priced £2, £1.50 and £1.

'SGT. PEPPER' FILM STARTS

FILMING OF the lavish multi-million dollar movie "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" is now under way in Hollywood, with Peter Frampton in the leading role. A Robert Stigwood Production, with Dee Anthony as executive producer and Michael Schultz directing, the picture includes over 30 of the Beatles' best-known songs. The Bee Gees, Paul Nicholas and George Burns also star in the film, for which Pat Birch has been signed as choreographer.

Edited: Derek Johnson

DESK

Rats on tour

The Jam's bassist BRUCE FOXTON

Dates are Middlesbrough Town Hall (November 11), Leeds University (12), Dublin Trinity College (15), Belfast Queens University (16), Cambridge Corn Exchange (18), Hull University (19), Manchester Belle Vue Elizabethan Rooms (20), Birmingham Top Rank (21), Coventry Locarno (22), Sheffield Top Rank (23), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (25, 26 and 27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28), Brighton Top Rank (30), Derby Kings Hall (December 2), Hastings Pier Pavilion (3), Southampton Top Rank (5), Cardiff Top Rank (6), Liverpool University (7), Huddersfield Polytechnic (8), Edinburgh Clouds (9), Glasgow Strathclyde University (10) and Newcastle City Hall (11).

All tickets are £1.75 at Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Sheffield, Derby and Southampton. They are £1.50 at Dublin, Belfast Cambridge, Hastings and Huddersfield; £1.25 at Leeds and Glasgow; and £2 at the Roundhouse. Other prices are £1.75, £1.50 and £1.25 (Middlesbrough); £2, £1.50 and £1 (Leicester and Newcastle); £2 and £1.80 (Brighton); and £1.50 and £1.25 (Cardiff and Liverpool). Details are not yet available for Hull and Edinburgh.

● Following the Chelmsford Punk Festival fiasco at the local football ground in September, The Damned have decided to give a special performance in the town this weekend. They appear as special guests in the 999 gig at Chelmsford Chancellor Hall on Sunday (6), for which admission was already set at 90p — and as The Damned are playing without a fee, no extra charge will be made.

BOOMTOWN RATS, who have been gigging consistently during the past few weeks, are now set for their first major concert tour. It ties in with the November 11 release of their new Ensign single "Mary Of The Fourth Form", on which the B-side is a ten-minute version of their anthem "Do The Rat" — the first 60,000 copies will be available in a choice of red, blue or green picture bags.

Their dates are Cambridge Corn Exchange (December 2), Manchester Belle Vue Elizabethan Suite (3), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (4), Edinburgh Odeon (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Swindon Oasis Centre (8), Bristol Colston Hall (9), Hanley Victoria Hall (11), Birmingham Top Rank (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Leeds University (14) and London Rainbow (17).

Promoter is Ian Wright of the MAM Organisation. Rainbow tickets go on sale this Saturday (5), but opening dates vary at other venues, and readers should check with the respective box-offices.

Prior to the British dates, the Rats spend the second half of November touring Belgium, Germany, Holland and France, concentrating mainly on TV appearances. And after their Rainbow gig, they begin a Christmas tour of Ireland.

Costello at Christmas

ELVIS COSTELLO plays three special Christmas shows in London, just after he returns from his debut American tour. He headlines at the Nashville Rooms in Kensington on December 22, 23 and 24, and a live double album will be recorded there for U.S. release only.

The Nashville gigs are all-ticket, and these are available by post from Albion Lesure (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), Elvis Costello Tickets, 12 Putney Bridge Road, London, S.W.18. They are £1.75 each, and limited to four per applicant.

As soon as the Stiffs Greatest Stiffs tour ends this Saturday, Costello and the Attractions go into the studios to finish their second album "The King Of Belgium", produced by Nick Lowe. They leave for the States on November 14, opening in San Francisco and closing at New York's Bottom Line on December 15. They'll be promoting their first album "My Aim Is True" and a specially re-mixed single "Alison", issued in America this week by Columbia.

While in 'Frisco, Elvis will be cutting tracks for a third album, with Matthew Kauffman and Glen Kolotkin of Berserkley Records producing.

The irony is that, although he's now got a U.S. record deal, he's still without one in this country — after ending his association with the Stiff label. Manager Jake Riviera doesn't regard this as a drawback, and maintains they won't sign a new deal until the right company comes along. Meanwhile he is working on a scheme of importing Costello records into the country at regular U.K. prices.

Stranglers night in Brighton cells

THE STRANGLERS were involved in another incident with the police last week, resulting in two of them — drummer Jet Black and bassist Jean Jaques Burnel — being detained overnight in the cells, and subsequently being charged with disorderly conduct.

The trouble started after the band's gig last Wednesday night at Brighton Top Rank, when six policemen and a dog stormed into their dressing room, only to leave after they had looked the place over. Apparently a large number of police had attended the concert, because about two dozen Hells Angels from Holland — whom the Stranglers had befriended when touring that country — were in the audience.

The band and their entourage returned to their hotel (followed by two police cars), where they learned that two of their Dutch friends had been detained by the police. It was then that Black and Burnel, together with a friend Dennis Marks, decided to visit the local cop-shop to see if they could be of any assistance.

It's claimed that offers of bail were not taken seriously and, as the result of alleged obstruction on the premises, the three were arrested and spent the night in the cells. They were released the following morning after they had each paid £25 bail, and manager Ian Grant contributed £50 per person. They are due to appear in court at Brighton on November 15 to face the charges.

Jet Black, claiming he was not allowed to use the phone or medicine he needed, commented: "We're all perplexed by police activity in Brighton". Manager Grant went further and accused the police of "deliberate provocation".

The Stranglers are, however, getting used to these confrontations. Recently the Newcastle hotel, in which they were staying, was raided twice in one night by police.

BURLESQUE: 3 AT NASHVILLE

BURLESQUE, whose new album "Steel Appeal" is due out on Arista later this month, are set for three successive nights at London Kensington Nashville — on November 25, 26 and 27. Other newly-booked gigs for the band are at Methry Tydfil Tiffany's (November 14), Sheffield University (19) Croydon Greyhound (20), Swansea Circles Club (24), Doncaster Outlook (28) and London Islington Hope & Anchor (30).

ROCKABILLIES FOR BRITAIN

THE FIRST-EVER British tour by near-legendary Southern Rockabilly stars, Ray Campi & the Rockabilly Rebels and Mac Curtis & his Band, is being finalised by David Harris on behalf of Rollin' Rock Records. Dates so far confirmed are London Southgate Royalty (December 15), Rotherham Clifton Hall (16), Bristol Stars & Stripes Club (17), Luton Sands Club (19), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (22), Aylesbury Civic Centre (27) and London Tottenham White Hart (31). Four or five more venues are still to be set.

ALEX HARVEY SAYS 'I QUIT'

ALEX HARVEY shook the rock world at the weekend, with his sudden and dramatic announcement that he has decided to retire completely from the music business. Together with the SAHBs, he was due to start a major European tour this week, but he says he now feels that he doesn't wish to undertake such a commitment.

The decision came as a major surprise to the band, who were rehearsing for BBC-2's "Sight And Sound In Concert", when Harvey walked into the studio and declared that he didn't want to sing again. The TV show was immediately scrapped (and replaced last Saturday by an already-taped edition featuring AC/DC) and the European tour cancelled.

Harvey insists he is adamant that he'll never appear on stage again and that he has retired totally. But his British concert tour — due to start in early December, climaxing in London gigs at Christmas and New Year shows in Glasgow — still hasn't been called off officially.

The reason is that promoter Harvey Goldsmith has decided to take no action until he's discussed the matter with Mountain Management chairman Derek Nicol, who is due back from the States this week. Meanwhile, Mountain are leaving Alex to think things over and "get his head straightened out."

A Mountain spokesman told NME: "It's all happened so suddenly that we don't really know if Alex's decision is final. But I do get the impression that he's made up his mind the time has come to retire. When he came back to work in the summer, he was guaranteed 100 per cent fit, and there was no question of us pressing him to return before he was ready. He still is completely fit, and his retirement decision has nothing to do with his health."

Although the promoter clings to a vague hope that Derek Nicol may persuade Alex to change his mind, it appears vitually certain that the British tour will have to be scrapped. But ticket-holders are advised not to apply for cash refunds until an official announcement is made.

Harvey has been in the rock business for 20 of his 42 years. His big soul band was one of the most respected of the early R&B outfits and, during the last five years, his SAHB has grown in stature and won international acclaim.

His retirement statement concentrates on live appearances and doesn't mention recording — but as he maintains he is quitting "totally", it's unlikely that he will be going into the studios again.

The other SAHB members have not yet made any future plans, and are also waiting Derek Nicol's return. But they have already proved their worth as an attraction without Alex, and it's likely that they will remain together as a performing and recording band — though under a different name.

THIRD WORLD IN U.K. TOUR

JAMAICAN outfit Third World headline a British tour this month, to aid promotion of their lastest album "96 Degrees In The Shade", newly released by Island. They play Rugby Town Hall (November 17), Manchester Rafters (18), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (19), Liverpool Eric's (21), Brighton Top Rank (23), Bristol Bamboo Club (25), Gloucester Leisure Centre (26), Cardiff Top Rank (27), London Stratford Rex Cinema (December 3) and Manchester Russell Club (5 and 6).

The tour continues until December 20, but remaining dates have still to be finalised. The Roundhouse concerts, for which tickets are on sale at £1.90 each, also features Rico and his band and Steel Pulse as support acts. Third World, who made their British debut on Bob Marley's 1975 tour, comprise Stephen 'Cat' Coore (lead guitar), Michael 'Ibo' Cooper (keyboards, percussion and vocals), Richard Daley (bass), Irvin Jarrett (percussion), Bunny Clarke (vocals) and Willie Stewart (drums).

● The Roundhouse gig is one of a four-night season at the venue, featuring different aspects of contemporary music and promoted by Straight Music. Appearing on the other three nights are The Adverts (November 17), The Dictators and 999 (18) and the Pat Travers Band (20).

● Bob Marley and the Wailers have a new double A-side single issued by Island on November 11, coupling "Jamming" and "Punky Reggae Party". It will also be available from November 25 as a 12-inch single, selling at £1.50 and with the added bonus of a dub version of "Jamming". The "Punky Reggae Party" track is the band's homage to new-wave, and it mentions such names as The Clash, The Jam and The Slits.

Tubes extra

THE TUBES have added a third London date at the Hammersmith Odeon on November 16, as their two gigs at that venue on November 11 and 12 are now virtually sold out. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. And Harvest band Wire, whose album "Pink Flag" is issued on November 25, support The Tubes on all their dates.

ELTON SHOW: TV FILM DUE

ELTON JOHN's benefit concert at Wembley Empire Pool tonight (Thursday), in aid of the Goaldiggers football charity and the Variety Club children's charity, is being filmed by BBC-TV and highlights will be screened next week. It's being transmitted by BBC-1 on Monday, November 7, for 50 minutes starting at 7.20 pm.

Hot spots on BBC-2 during the coming week include Leo Sayer guesting in the Jack Jones show (Friday), Lone Star and the Pat Travers Band in "Sight And Sound In Concert" (Saturday), Bobbie Gentry with Des O'Connor (Monday) and The Tubes in "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (Tuesday).

The Stranglers and the Tom Robinson Band are in ITV's "So It Goes" this weekend. It's screened in London on Saturday, and various other regions on Sunday.

COLOSSEUM II
IN CONCERT
Sunday November 20th
AT 7.30 PM
VICTORIA PALACE
LONDON

Tickets available from box office
(01-834 1317/8)
Price £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 and £1.00.

CBS sign Cortinas

BRISTOL new-wave outfit The Cortinas, currently on the road with the Kursaal Flyers, have been signed to a worldwide deal by CBS. Their next single "Defiant Pose" will be issued before Christmas on the independent Step Forward Label, in order to complete their contract with that company. They will go into the studios to record their first batch of songs for CBS early in the New Year.

Mac millions

FLEETWOOD MAC's smash hit album "Rumours" has now sold over ten million copies worldwide. And not being content with that, WEA launch a massive promotional campaign on the LP next month, in the hope of adding a further eight million global sales! Meanwhile Mac's next Warner Brothers album, due out early next year, will be a double set — one half live, and the other studio recorded.

● **Don McLean** is signing with EMI Records for British distribution, and his latest album "Prime Time" will be issued as soon as the deal is finalised.

● Capitol release a live maxi-single by **Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet** Band this weekend, comprising "Turn The Page", "Get Out Of Denver" and "Heavy Music". And two early Seger albums "Mongrel" and "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man" are reissued in the label's mid-price series, selling at £2.50 each.

● The **Snivelling Shits'** single "Terminal Stupid"/"I Can't Come" is finally in the shops — as an import. Manufacturing problems forced Island to press it in France, and the first copies were impounded at Heathrow Airport, while customs officials debated whether it was obscene. They finally allowed it into the country.

RECORD NEWS

New Beatles compilation

ANOTHER BEATLES compilation is released by EMI this weekend. Titled "Love Songs", it's a double set featuring 25 of the quartet's best-known slower numbers — and it's in the nature of a follow-up to their successful "Rock'n'roll Music" collection, released in June last year. The LP is issued simultaneously by Capitol in America, and the tracks included are:

Yesterday, I'll Follow The Sun, I Need You, Girl, In My Life, Words Of Love, Here There And Everywhere, Something, And I Love Her, If I Fell, I'll Be Back, Tell Me What You See, Yes It Is, Michelle, It's Only Love, You're Going To Lose That Girl, Every Little Thing, For No-One, She's Leaving Home, The Long And Winding Road, This Boy, Norwegian Wood, You've Got To Hide Your Love Away, I Will, PS I Love You.

● A live album, recorded by **Jonathan Richman** and his band during their recent debut British tour, is released by **Beserkley** on November 14. Title is "The Modern Lovers Live At The Odeon, Hammersmith".

● Ex-Fleetwood Mac member **Bob Welch** has his debut solo single and album issued by Capitol on November 11, titled "Ebony Eyes" and "French Kiss" respectively. Out on the same day and label is a new **Mink De Ville** single "Cadillac Walk".

● Out on November 11 is "Old Trust" by **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias** on the Logo label. The two tracks on the B-side are "Neville" and "Teenager In Schtuck".

● **Julie Covington's** first Virgin single is the Alice Cooper song "Only Women Bleed", which she featured in the recent Britannia Awards TV special; John Cale (keyboards) is among backing musicians, and it's released on November 11. A week later, the same label issue a new **Motors** single titled "Be What You Gotta Be".

● **Twink** has left The Rings to concentrate on a solo career, but will continue to produce the band's records. His debut single "The Psychedelic Punkeroo" is due out on Chiswick shortly.

● Two important singles out this weekend: "As" by **Stevie Wonder** on Tamla Motown, and **Donovan's** self-penned "The Light" on Rak.

EMI clinch Rich Kids

THE RICH KIDS, the band got together by former Sex Pistols bassist Glenn Matlock, have been signed by EMI to an exclusive recording contract for the world market (except the United States and Canada). Besides Matlock on bass and vocals, the band also features ex-Slik lead vocalist and guitarist Midge Ure, plus Steve New (guitar) and Rusty Egan (drums). The Kids start recording shortly, and EMI plan to issue some product as quickly as possible. The band are simultaneously rehearsing for live appearances. It's ironic that EMI have now re-signed Matlock who, earlier this year as a member of the Pistols, they had sacked!

● **Rikki and the Last Days of Earth** have been signed to a long-term worldwide deal by the DJM label, and their debut single "City Of The Damned" is released this weekend. Also from DJM, the second album by **Ozo** called "Museum Of Mankind" is due out next month.

● A & M rush-release the **Rick Wakeman** solo album "Criminal Record" this week, in time for the tail end of the Yes tour. Recorded in Switzerland during the spring, it features Wakeman playing all the instruments, with the addition of a Swiss choir on some tracks.

ADVERTISEMENT

ON THE ROAD

PAT TRAVERS BAND have postponed their concert at **London Hammersmith** Odeon on November 20, and instead headline that day at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse. Reason is that their current tour is being extended into December, and the Hammersmith gig will be re-arranged for some time that month.

THE CLASH's gig at **Bristol** Exhibition Centre is brought forward from November 10 to this Saturday (5).

URIAH HEEP have added another date to their autumn tour — at **Preston** Guildhall on November 29. Their gig at **Manchester** Palace is moved from November 20 to 28, and their Bristol Hippodrome show from November 28 to December 6.

LONDON are set for gigs at **Barnstaple** Chequers (November 10), **London Strand** Kings College (11), **London** North-East Polytechnic (12), **Dewsbury** Pickwick Club (14) and **Huddersfield** Ivanhoes (15).

STEVE GIBBONS BAND have cancelled their gig at **Penzance** The Garden, scheduled for November 17.

THE REAL THING support Aretha Franklin in her two concerts at **London** Palladium on November 14 and 15. On the first night they already have a gig in **Mansfield**, and have chartered a plane to take them there after coming off-stage in London.

WILKO JOHNSON, who starts his debut tour with his new band next week, has cancelled his gig at **Swindon** Brunel Rooms on November 7. But he has new bookings at **London Camden** Dingwalls (November 24) and **Wellington** Town House (December 1). Support act on all dates is Southend band Steve Hooker and The Heat.

MOTORHEAD play **Guildford** Surrey University (tomorrow, Friday), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (November 12), **Salford** University (18), **Birkenhead** Mr Digby's (24), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (25), **St Albans** City Hall (December 3), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (6), **Bolton** Technical College (8) and **Dudley** J.B.'s (10). These are warm-up dates for a major tour to be announced shortly.

NATIONAL HEALTH have four gigs this month — at **Nottingham** University (8), **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (10), **Sheffield** University (15) and **Hull** University (16).

GORDON GILTRAP BAND tour changes: **Liverpool** Eric's replaces **Edinburgh** University (November 10), **Sunderland** Polytechnic instead of **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (11) and **Manchester** University instead of Belle Vue (19).

SPLINTER, whose new Dark Horse album "Two Man Band" has just been released, support Cher and Greg Allman in their British concerts starting November 14.

AMAZORBLADES play **High Wycombe** Nags Head (tonight, Thursday), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (Friday), **London** Speakeasy (November 9), **Manchester** Rafters (11), **London Hammersmith** Swan (12), **London Islington** Jolly Farmer (13 and 20), **Winchester** Riverside Inn (15), **Margate** High Cliffs (18), **Hull** University (25), **Derby** Bishop Lonsdale College (26) and **St. Albans** City Hall (29). More dates are being added to complete a full November-December itinerary.

ROBERT CALVERT of Hawkwind and ex-Gong leader Daevid Allen headline a Rock-Poetry evening at **London Battersea** Arts Centre on Wednesday, November 16. Admission is 80p, and other acts are being negotiated. It ties in with the publication by Quasar of Calvert's first book of poetry, titled "Centigrade 232".

LINDISFARNE have already sold out their two Christmas reunion concerts at **Newcastle** City Hall on December 22 and 23, solely on the strength of postal bookings. So they have added a third show at the same venue on Wednesday, December 21.

LITTLE BOB STORY play **Hull** College of Education on November 10 instead of **Scarborough**, and **Whitley Bay** Rex Cinema on November 20 instead of **Dundee**. Their November 11 gig at **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic is cancelled.

LINDA LEWIS plays two concert dates prior to opening her two-week season at **London** Ronnie Scott's Club on November 28. They are at **Guildford** Surrey University (November 25) and **Cromer** West Runton Pavillion (26).

Buzzcocks changes

THE BUZZCOCKS have made a few changes to their U.K. tour itinerary, announced recently. They have new gigs at Buckley Tivoli (November 7), Birmingham Barbarella's (15) and London Marquee (21 and 22), while previously-reported dates at Falkirk Maniqui (tonight, Thursday) and Dewsbury Pickwick Club (November 21) are now cancelled.

Captain, Tennille — British dates

THE CAPTAIN & TENNILLE fly into Britain at the end of this month for their debut live appearances in this country, although they have previously been here for TV promotion. Their first concert is at the London Palladium on November 30, and they are also confirmed for Manchester Ardwick Apollo on December 8.

Several more dates have still to be finalised, and will probably be announced next week. They are bringing their own four-piece backing band, and will also be filming an hour-long BBC-TV special, for screening before Christmas. To coincide with their visit, A & M are releasing the duo's "Greatest Hits" album.

MANFRED MANN's Earthband, who have not performed in this country at all this year (their last dates here were pre-Christmas 1976), are now being lined up for a major British tour in February.

EX-MONKEES FOR LONDON

TWO FORMER members of The Monkees, Davy Jones and Mickey Dolenz, have leading roles in Harry Nilsson's "The Point" to be staged at London's Mermaid Theatre over the Christmas holiday. It opens on December 22 and runs twice nightly until January 14, continuing once-nightly (with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays) until February 18. Ticket prices range from £1.25 to £3.50.

Mahogany Rush gigs switched

THE DEBUT British concerts by Canadian heavy-metal trio Mahogany Rush (not to be confused with the other Canadian band named simply Rush) have been re-scheduled. Originally announced gigs at Birmingham Odeon (November 29) and Sheffield City Hall (30) are cancelled, and instead they play Birmingham Town Hall (December 7) and Newcastle City Hall (8). Dates at Manchester Free Trade Hall (December 2) and London Hammersmith Odeon (3) remain unchanged.

LONDON ROXY WINS APPEAL

LONDON'S Roxy Theatre in Harlesden — effectively closed, even before the doors were opened, by the GLC's refusal to grant a licence — has won its appeal against the decision and now plans to open on December 1. Venue chief Terry Collins made various soundproofing modifications to the theatre, and the Council has now agreed to issue a licence. Collins intends to pursue his initial policy of presenting "nostalgia" concerts by top names of the '60s, and will be announcing details of his first shows shortly. Meanwhile the Roxy has continued to operate as a rehearsal centre, and has been used in this capacity by David Essex, Uriah Heep and Colosseum II.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending October 24, 1972

Last	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	MOULDY OLD DOUGH	Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
8	2	DONNA	10 c.c. (UK)
6	3	IN A BROKEN DREAM	Python Lee Jackson (Young Blood)
3	4	YOU'RE A LADY	Peter Skellern (Decca)
9	5	ELECTED	Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
5	6	BURNING LOVE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	7	I DIDN'T KNOW I LOVED YOU (TILL I SAW YOU ROCK 'N' ROLL)	Gary Glitter (Bell)
22	8	CLAIR	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	9	WIG WAM BAM	Sweet (RCA)
7	10	HOW CAN I BE SURE	David Cassidy (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending October 25, 1967

Last	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	MASSACHUSETTS	Bee Gees (Polydor)
2	2	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	3	HOLE IN MY SHOE	Traffic (Island)
10	4	BABY NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU	Foundations (Pye)
7	5	HOMBURG	Procol Harum (Regal-Zonophone)
5	6	THERE MUST BE A WAY	Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
12	7	ZABADAK!	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
6	8	THE LETTER	Box Tops (Stateside)
4	9	FLOWERS IN THE RAIN	Move (Regal-Zonophone)
9	10	FROM THE UNDERWORLD	Herd (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 25, 1962

Last	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	TELSTAR	Tornados (Decca)
2	2	THE LOCOMOTION	Little Eva (London)
4	3	SHEILA	Tommy Roe (HMV)
3	4	RAMBLIN' ROSE	Nat Cole (Capitol)
3	5	RAIN UNTIL SEPTEMBER	Carole King (London)
8	6	VENUS IN BLUE JEANS	Mark Wynter (Pye)
11	7	LET'S DANCE	Chris Montez (London)
—	8	LOVESICK BLUES	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
6	9	YOU DON'T KNOW ME	Ray Charles (HMV)
10	10	WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)

NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending November 5, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title / Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE — Baccara (RCA)	6	1
2	(1)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART — Rod Stewart (Mercury)	4	1
3	(5)	NAME OF THE GAME ... Abba (CBS)	3	3
4	(3)	BLACK IS BLACK — La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	8	2
5	(7)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD — Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	5
6	(6)	HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	6
7	(15)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS — Queen (EMI)	2	7
8	(19)	2 4 6 8 MOTORWAY — Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	3	8
9	(10)	BLACK BETTY ... Ram Jam (Epic)	8	9
10	(4)	SILVER LADY — David Soul (Private Stock)	10	1
11	(8)	STAR WARS THEME ... Meco (RCA)	5	6
11	(13)	CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT — Carpenters (A & M)	4	11
13	(14)	VIRGINIA PLAIN. Roxy Music (Polydor)	2	13
14	(17)	NEEDLES & PINS ... Smokie (Rak)	3	14
15	(9)	NO MORE HEROES — Stranglers (United Artists)	6	6
16	(22)	LOVE HURTS ... Nazareth (Mountain)	3	16
17	(11)	I REMEMBER ELVIS PRESLEY — Danny Mirror (Sonet)	7	3
18	(—)	SHE'S NOT THERE ... Santana (CBS)	1	18
19	(12)	BEST OF MY LOVE ... Emotions (CBS)	8	6
20	(—)	TURN TO STONE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	20
21	(—)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE — Bee Gees (RSO)	1	21
22	(26)	I BELIEVE YOU Dorothy Moore (Epic)	2	22
23	(—)	LIVE IN TROUBLE — Barron Knights (Epic)	1	23
24	(24)	HEROES ... David Bowie (RCA)	4	13
25	(—)	MODERN WORLD ... Jam (Polydor)	1	25
26	(16)	FROM HERE TO ETERNITY — Giorgio (Oasis)	6	13
27	(28)	ANGEL OF THE MORNING/ANYWAY YOU WANT ME ... Mary Mason (Epic)	3	27
28	(—)	EGYPTIAN REGGAE — Jonathan Richman (Beserkly)	1	28
29	(21)	WONDROUS STORIES ... Yes (Atlantic)	7	8
30	(30)	WATER MARGIN — Pete Mac Junior/Godiego (BBC)	2	30

ALBUMS

Week ending November 5, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title / Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	20 GOLDEN GREATS ... Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	9	1
2	(3)	40 GOLDEN GREATS — Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	2
3	(2)	NO MORE HEROES — Stranglers (United Artists)	6	2
4	(5)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	37	3
5	(13)	HEROES ... David Bowie (RCA)	2	5
6	(4)	HOME ON THE RANGE — Slim Whitman (United Artists)	5	4
7	(7)	OXYGENE Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	12	1
8	(22)	SECONDS OUT ... Genesis (Charisma)	3	8
9	(16)	THUNDER IN MY HEART — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	9
10	(9)	A STAR IS BORN ... Soundtrack (CBS)	30	1
11	(11)	GOING FOR THE ONE ... Yes (Atlantic)	16	1
12	(6)	LOVE YOU LIVE — Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	6	6
13	(7)	MOODY BLUE ... Elvis Presley (RCA)	11	1
14	(18)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2 — Elton John (DJM)	3	14
15	(—)	SOUND OF BREAD ... Bread (Elektra)	1	15
16	(10)	PASSAGE ... Carpenters (A&M)	5	6
17	(28)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS .. Abba (Epic)	71	1
18	(14)	PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE ... David Soul (Private Stock)	7	9
19	(23)	AJA ... Steely Dan (Anchor)	6	11
20	(20)	SOUL CITY ... Various (K-Tel)	2	20
21	(—)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	21
22	(12)	BAD REPUTATION. Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	7	7
23	(14)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY — Donna Summer (GTO)	19	2
23	(—)	NEWS OF THE WORLD ... Queen (EMI)	1	23
25	(21)	MAGIC FLY ... Space (Pye)	8	5
26	(30)	BEST OF ROD STEWART ... (Mercury)	16	14
27	(—)	FRONT PAGE NEWS — Wishbone Ash (MCA)	1	27
28	(—)	THEIR GREATEST HITS — Eagles (Asylum)	48	1
29	(—)	ELVIS IN CONCERT Elvis Presley(RCA)	1	29
30	(—)	OUT OF THE BLUE — ELectric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	30

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 5, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone
2	(2)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
3	(4)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave
4	(3)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco
5	(6)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
6	(7)	BRICK HOUSE	Commodores
7	(9)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle
8	(5)	THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy
9	(8)	KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE	K. C. & The Sunshine Band
10	(12)	HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR	Paul Nicholas
11	(13)	JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU	Firefall
12	(14)	IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY DOWN NEXT TO ME	Barry White
13	(16)	BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE	Chicago
14	(11)	IT WAS ALMOST LIKE A SONG	Ronnie Milsap
15	(18)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge
16	(17)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner
17	(19)	HELP IS ON THE WAY	Little River Band
18	(23)	BLUE BAYOU	Linda Ronstadt
19	(21)	WE JUST DISAGREE	Dave Mason
20	(22)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees
21	(15)	SHE DID IT	Eric Carmen
22	(10)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
23	(20)	ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop
24	(25)	THE KING IS GONE	Ronnie McDowell
25	(28)	SEND IN THE CLOWNS	Judy Collins
26	(30)	ISN'T IT TIME	The Babys
27	(29)	DAYBREAK	Barry Manilow
28	(24)	SIGNED, SEALED, DELIVERED	Peter Frampton
29	(—)	YOUR SMILING FACE	James Taylor
30	(—)	IT'S SO EASY	Linda Ronstadt

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending November 5, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Rondstadt
3	(3)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
4	(4)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
5	(6)	CHICAGO XI	Chicago
6	(5)	LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE	Doobie Brothers
7	(8)	LOVE YOU LIVE	The Rolling Stones
9	(12)	AJA	Steely Dan
9	(7)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
10	(10)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
11	(11)	COMMODORES	Commodores
12	(14)	I, ROBOT	The Alan Parsons Project
13	(16)	BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE	Barry White
14	(15)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
15	(13)	STAR WARS AND OTHER GALACTIC FUNK	Meco
16	(19)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE	Heatwave
17	(18)	FOGHAT LIVE	Foghat
18	(20)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce
19	(—)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley
20	(9)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
21	(21)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
22	(22)	JT	James Taylor
23	(23)	BEAUTY ON A BACK STREET	Hall & Oates
24	(—)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL II	
25	(27)	BRICK	Brick
26	(—)	LET'S GET SMALL	Steve Martin
27	(30)	IN CITY DREAMS	Robin Trower
28	(28)	REJOICE	Emotions
29	(—)	POINT OF NO RETURN	Kansas
30	(—)	BABY IT'S ME	Diana Ross

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

STIFFS DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY gets on the bus, gets off the bus, gets legless, and generally gets Stiffed with Wreckless Costello, Elvis Lowe, Larry Dury et al.

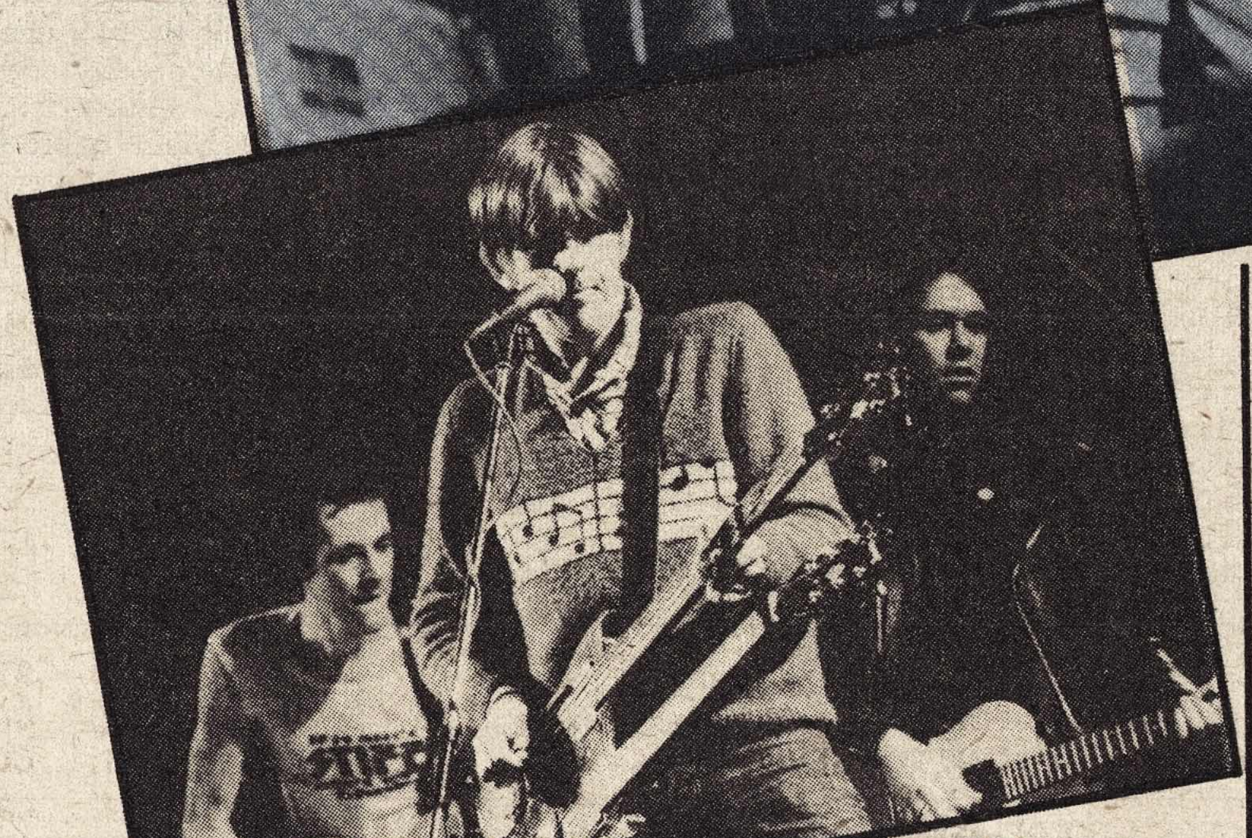
"SEX AND drugs and rock and roll ... sex and drugs and rock and roll ... sex and drugs and rock and roll ..." Hot damn, m'man, Leicester University is jumpin' tonight. The hall is ass-to-ass jam-packed with sweaty people going *boingggg-boingggg-boingggg* to the deranged rhythm of Ian Dury's '77 anthem to the joys of the Good Things In Life, all of them chanting manaically along to Himself's almost mantric invocation.

"SEX!!! and DRUGS!!! and ROCK!!! and ROLL!!! SEX!!! and DRUGS!!! and ROCK!!! and ROLL!!! SEX!!! and DRUGS!!! and ..."

Meanwhile, the stage is also full of sweaty people jumping up and down and yelling "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll!" The only difference is that most of them are playing instruments. There are three drummers, three keyboard players, two bassists and onlyGodandJakeRivieraknow how many singers and guitarists. Both Jake Riviera and God are in Leicester, but only Jake is buying drinks.

It's Stiff's Greatest Stiffs dumping music on the people tonight, ladeez'n'gemmun, the hardest workin' coach party in showbiz. A demented army of drunken hippies with short hair surfing on the New Wave: five featured performers and an all-star cast of fahsands, mate: sex, drugs, rock and roll, violence, intrigue, comedy, romance, suspense, thrills, chills, spills, bills. It's an instant smash, a silk sash bash, a crystal shipload of mutants and crazies cunningly disquised as a coachload of hungover, blitzed-out musicians.

Coast-to-coast weirdness. C'mon along and join the crew.



From top: IAN DURY, ELVIS COSTELLO, NICK LOWE and LARRY WALLIS

FRIDAY MORNING, shortly before ten in the a.m. God is shedding his gentle grace in the form of a torrential downpour suitable only for Noah The Ark and Howard The Duck over a somewhat ungrateful Bayswater. Your reporter, having packed his Ramones T-shirt and copy of *The Best Science Fiction Of J. G. Ballard* (if you don't have it now you can git it) decabs and wanders into the offices of Stiff Records to link up with his travelling companions.

The first person he sees is Dave Edmunds, who is lending his maestro's touch on guitar and drums to The Nick Lowe All-Stars. He looks disgusted (though he tries to be amused) at the horrific idea of being awake and functioning (all terms used in their loosest possible sense) at such an odd and ungodly hour.

He is wearing a pink-and-black velvet jacket that looks as if Cliff Richard used to wear it on *Oh Boy* back in '58.

"Dave, your girlfriend's on four," announces Stiff's unnaturally cheerful and efficient office-person. Edmunds picks up the phone and begins to issue instructions for the videotaping of Lowe's appearance on *So It Goes* the following night. "Be careful not to erase Elvis, though," he admonishes as — bang on cue — enter (fanfare, please) Elvis Costello.

A potato face carved out of granite and surmounted by the now-legendary pair of massive hornrims, clasping a carton of orange juice in a grip of iron. Costello looks like Clark Kent the day after he decides to stop coming on like a wimp just to protect his secret identity. It's a bird, it's a plane, it's ... Elvis!

There's just time to scan the memo pinned to the wall that announces that Stiff is not responsible for anything charged to any of the hotel rooms apart from breakfast and say hello to Larry Wallis, who looks as early morning groggy as anyone but at least has a pair of inpenetrable shades and 18 inches of hair to hide behind. Then it's time to get on the bus and aim for Manchester.

The bus driver's name is Trevor — wonder of wonders! — and inevitably he's dubbed Clevor Trever in honour of the Ian Dury song of the same name. Fortified by the fruits of a raid on the off-licence conveniently located a couple of doors down the road from Stiff — or is it the other way round? — and cassette tapes prepared by Wallis and Costello, everyone prepares to meet the day.

The first block of seats on the coach are the undisputed staked-out territory of The 24-Hour Club — a self-explanatory designation. This crew of hard-core crazies is made up of Larry Wallis (formerly of Motorhead, The Pink Fairies and U.F.O.), Pete Thomas (one-time Chilli Willi And The Red Hot Peppers drummer and now-time drummer with Elvis Costello And The Attractions — not to mention drumming and rhythm guitar duties with Nick Lowe), Terry Williams (arch-exponent of Swansea cool, currently stoking the engine-room of Dave Edmunds' Rockpile but on this tour pounding it out for Nick Lowe) plus Lowe and Edmunds themselves.

The final lynchpin of the 24-Hour Club (a.k.a. The Pound-A-Minute Club) is Elvis' bass player, who used to be Bruce Thomas of The Sutherland Brothers And Quiver.

Then there's a lady named Penny Tobin, who plays keyboards for Nick Lowe, and in the successive tiers we find Ian Dury And The Blockheads — that's the ineffable Dury himself plus Chas Jankel (guitar, keyboards), Norman Watt-Roy (bass), John Turnbull (guitar), Davey Payne (saxes), Charlie Charles (drums) and Mickey Gallagher (keyboards).

"Here's a scoop for you," Jake Riviera is to announce gleefully the following evening. "Mickey used to play for Peter Frampton and he co-wrote 'Show Me The Way', which sold millions, right? So what's he doing grovelling for peanuts on a Stiff tour?"

Well, it ain't exactly *peanuts*, Jake. Everybody gets 50 quid a week cash money, but at least one Stiff owed so much money to his cohorts — don't ask me what he spent it on, but it's probably what you'd've spent your bread on if you'd been him — that he ended up with a measly four quid in his pocket on payday after he'd paid back his debts. God, it's tough on the road.

Behind his copy of *Jack The Ripper: The Final Solution*, tight-buttoned, high-pocketed "Basher" Lowe appears taciturn and truculent, occasionally taking a meditative swig on his bottle of cider. Edmunds appears likewise behind *Elvis: What Happened?* and then turns the book over to Terry Williams and gets into a heavy-duty poker game which lasts until the coach reaches the first motorway services. Williams gets stuck into the book and then nods out. Towards the back of the coach, Costello plows eagerly through *The Essential Lenny Bruce*.

There's a film crew in tow, and in order to get the full *cinema verite* number and capture the — uh — *gestalt* of the tour in all its awful glory they film the Stiffs leaving the coach to run through the rain into the grease-pit, and even scan them queueing up for the horrorshow neogrub. Worst of all, they film everyone eating.

Larry Wallis groans elaborately. "Listen," he instructs me and Stiff's resident genie, an ebullient yobbo known as Kosmo Vinyl, "let's eat at *boringly* as we possibly can."

We chomp as mechanistically as is (in)humanly possible until Pennebaker's heirs pack up to try and get some visual out of Ian Elvis. Wallis cracks up. "I don't think I've ever seen anyone eat as boringly as you just did," he tells Kosmo.

The major event of that particular stop was the discovery of numerous pots of green Slime on sale in the media shop. I don't know if you've seen the stuff, but it's pure Bleccech City: a nasty green goo that looks quite unspeakably vile, like a cross between King Kong's bogies and Linda Blair's puke in *The Ecchorcist*. I don't know why they sell it in motorway shops, because it's not exactly the ideal stuff for bored toddlers to smear around in a small car on a long drive, but it's great for

■ *Continues over page*

Shakin' Stevens new single 'Somebody Touched Me'

HORSLIPS

MORE STIFFS

■ *From previous page*

nasty-minded rock musicians in a coach.

Kos and Elvis' keyboard player Steve Naive get really obsessed with the stuff, and it's thrown and smeared all over the place by the time we get to the hotel.

Most of the tour personnel kill the hour between check-in and going to the gig by getting pissed or unpacking (me, I take three aspirin, have a cup of coffee and read a bit of J. G. Ballard) but Elvis has different ideas. As soon as we're back on the coach, Costello is grinning like a chimp who's just poured all the P.G. Tips down the director's trousers.

"Who's on the case then?" he gloats. "Who's the greatest scorer of records that ever lived? I've just been down to Woolworth's and I got two copies of 'Anarchy In The U.K.' on EMI for 32p each!!!"

Kosmo and Wallis are awestruck, as well they might be. To go straight off the coach and slog for 15 minutes down to Woolworth's just on the offchance that there might be something good in the deletions rack and then come up with a find worth anywhere from five to fifteen quid in the London vinyl shylock emporia ... listen, anyone out there still sceptical about the sheer, blinding, transcendent *genius* of Elvis Costello?

Outside the Manchester Apollo, the sign says "Live on stage at 7.30 ELVIS COSTELLO". Clearly, they haven't gotten the message about the five-way democracy on this tour. Or rather *four*-way: the fifth Greatest Stiff, Wreckless Eric, is back home under doctor's orders. It is explained that, lacking the staying power of the veterans — the collective number of gigs under these guys' belts is astronomical — he threw himself into the touring lifestyle with such enthusiasm that he contracted chronic laryngitis. This means that a firm set order has to be adhered to.

See, Pete Thomas is playing with both Elvis and Basher and Ian Dury plays with Wreckless as well as doing his own set. Therefore, neither of these two gents can do two consecutive sets, which means that the order can be either Wreckless-Lowe-Dury-Costello or Lowe-Wreckless-Costello-Dury (Costello and Dury being the only ones with enough rehearsed material to do the last set). Without Wreckless, the order is therefore Lowe-Dury-Costello. Got it?

At the backstage buffet, Elvis is loading up his plate with a fairly stunning assortment of cheese, cold meats, salady items and whatnot. Seeing my bemused stare, he adds reassuringly "It's not all for me. Some of it's for Day. We used to get so *hungry* when we were recording 'The Long And Winding Road.' " He pauses. His spectacles flash evilly. "There's a very interesting story behind all of that ..."

He raises his eyebrows invitingly. I say, "Yeah?"

"... which shall remain secret." He wends his way to the tune-up room. I've got just enough time to murmur *That's what you think, buster* at his recently vacated airspace when it's time to rush out front for curtain-up on The Nick Lowe All-Stars.

Whatever you do, don't ever let anybody tell you that Nick Lowe doesn't know how to put a band together. At the back of the stage there's Terry Williams and Dave Edmunds hammering it out on twin drum kits, and strung out behind Our Hero are Penny Tobin (keyboards), Pete Thomas (rhythm guitar) and Larry Wallis (lead), all laying it down deep and crisp while Basher guns the motor of a mouth-watering vintage Gibson six-string-and-bass doublenecker into "So It Goes."

The tautness of Lowe's sound seems vaguely incongruous against his studiedly casual manner. Still, he can play dynamite bass even in a semi-slouch, and sing real good like a pop star should despite the wad of gum he keeps molaring.

Basher keeps socking it to the people — notably with "Let's Eat" — until it's time for Larry Wallis to strut his stuff. Unlike Lowe, Dury, Costello and Edmunds — who are known and respected by Anglophiliac Yanks even if not by the mass U.S.A. public — Wallis doesn't exactly have the credentials that would make a *Rolling Stone* critic roll over to have his tummy tickled: I mean, The Pink Fairies, U.F.O. and the unlamented Mark I of Motorhead?

Wallis' mission in life seems to be to prove to the current crop of young 'uns that he's still mean and nasty even though he's got a foot and a half of hair. Judging by the way he performs "On Parole" and "I'm A Police Car" (his new Stiff single, natch) I'd say he succeeds admirably. His slicing guitar and angry, sneering vocals are about as wimpy and mellow as a ton of gelignite.

His moment of glory over, Wallis takes his bow as Lowe announces in a nicely offhand way, "One of our drummers, Dave Edmunds, is gonna come up and play some guitar."

Pete Thomas stashes his borrowed red Strat and slides in behind the kit as a jubilant, juiced-up Edmunds straps on his Gibson ES 335 and bellows into the mike, "Nick Lowe wrote it, I recorded it and I hope you bought it! It's called 'I Knew The Bride'!"

The band storm into the song with a crackling energy that provides the most dynamic piece of ear massage thus far: Thomas and Williams hammering their kits through the floor with a flood of power that keeps right up until the band makes its exit on Lowe's superb "Heart Of The City." The keener-eared voyeurs backstage not that Lowe is actually singing "Ardvaark/Of The City" on the song's ride-out.

Backstage, all is Welsh jubilation as Phil Ryan and Martin Ace (formerly of the Man band) and George Ace (all three now with The Flying Aces) show up to hang out with Terry and Dai Edmunds to help celebrate Phil's birthday, but it's too late to stop now because Ian Dury and The Blockheads are due up on stage ...

In one sense, Dury is the tour's major revelation. It's his return to the public stage following the collapse of The Kilburns some 18 months ago and it all comes right on top of an album that was as exhilarating as the Kilburns' album was universally judged to be disappointing.

(It's called "New Boots And Panties!!", just in case you don't know).

The Dury album alone would be a justification — if one were needed — for the existence of Stiff, because I can't think of a single straight record company in England who would have had the vision to commission and release it.

The sound has improved between Lowe's set and Dury's which means that it's gone from appalling to mediocre. The audience have warmed up as well, as is demonstrated by the fact that a couple of them actually brave the security golems roaming the hall and attempt to get up and dance. Mind you, they're stiff-armed right back into their seats within seconds, but it's the thought that counts, and by the time Dury winds up his seat with the anthematic "Sex and Drugs And Rock And Roll", every body's up at once.

The golems growl and snarl and frown as threateningly as they can, but there are just too damn many people standing up and dancing at once for them to have any effect at all.

There's a moral in that, kidz. Bear it in mind next time you wanna dance at a concert.

Dury's set consisted of the material from his new album, played about one trillion times harder than it was in the studio. The whole set was sublime, but especial standouts were the moving "My Old Man", the hilariously accurate character sketches "Clevor Trever" and "Billericay Dickie", the rocking, spat-out "Sweet Gene Vincent" with a zonked but still dangerous Edmunds laying on some extra guitar muscle, "Plaistow Patricia" with its jaw-dropping intro ... if I carry on much longer, I'll have listed the whole damn set under "highlights", but that's the kind of set it was.

Dury's stage presence is as remarkable as everything else about him. In his battered bowler hat and stained jacket, he seems to have lurched leering straight out ot Dickens, a manic and macabre costermonger, a Greek Chorus for the rejects and losers. If I had to name Dury's most outstanding quality, it would have to be *compassion;* if only because of the way he refrains from training upon his characters the scorn that many would say they deserve.

His music is also witty, savage, perceptive, highly original, very musical and you can dance to it. What more can I say? Enjoy.

Finally, there's the king and his elite guard. Elvis Costello and The Attractions look like the kind of kids at my school who hated rock and roll, got to be prefects before anybody else, served as school librarians and were astonishingly officious if you returned a book late or did anything freaky in the library (this may tell you something about the school I went to. Bang goes the last shred of my street credibility. Oh well). Keep those kids in their school uniforms till their mid-20s, drag 'em through a hedge backwards and you got Elvis Costello and The Attractions.

Except that woweee, they got it tight and they're rockin' here tonight. They're the hottest little teen combo that ever got the kids sobbing while they frugged at the end-of-term dance, and for writing teenage pop songs about adult situations — and playing monster guitar and singing like a bitch while he's doing it — Elvis Costello can't be beat.

As the live tracks on the back of "Watching The Detectives" demonstrate, the live Elvis experience is about as laid back as Godzilla on speed. Put this boy into the Hip MOR bracket at your own peril, son!

The set consists of Elvis classics old and new, and as a special tribute to the missing Wreckless Eric, he does "Go The Whole Wide World" — minus, unfortunately, the life-size cardboard cut-out of Wreckless that he originally intended to bring on. Bruce Thomas slides behind Terry Williams' drum kit, and the band are augmented by Blockheads' saxist and ex-Kilburn Davey Payne, plus Denise Roudette on bass.

Denise is (a) a fine bass player who works with Wreckless' band (b) an all-round fine human being (c) Ian Dury's girlfriend and (d) one of the most beautiful women I've met all year.

For the first encore, Dave Edmunds — by now semi-legless but not giving an inch — comes on to add his guitar sorcery to "Mystery Dance", and for the second the entire cast assembles for — you guessed — "SEX!!! and DRUGS!!! and ROCK!!! and ROLL!!!"

BACK AT the hotel, there's an impromptu party going on, as the Kursaals and The Cortinas are in town. A California peach named Farrah — "Farrah Fawcett-Minor", is how she introduces herself — who does the tour newsletter is dressed up in a nurse's uniform and is asking various people if they require medical attention. Basher is drinking Bloody Mary from a pint mug, and Dave Edmunds is discussing a song lyric with Will Birch from the Kursaals.

Edmunds is preoccupied with two things: thing the first being the fact that he is somewhat unhappy — to say the least — with the state of his relationship with his record/management company Swan Song, and thing the second the strength and energy that he derives from working with guitarist Billy Bremner, drummer Terry Williams and bassist-vocalist-songwriter-genius Nick Lowe in his band Rockpile. He's also upset by being described as "dumpy and matted" by Tony Parsons in *NME* a couple of week's back.

"I know I've got a little bit of a pot, but the axe hides that. As for matted . . ." he scratches worriedly at his dissheveled but undeniably clean and shiny barnet and then waves his fist with a gesture so extravagant that he nearly knocks a triple Scotch all over Terry Williams.

The 24-Hour Club a.k.a. The Pound-A-Minute Club is in full swing when I decide to crash out around half three, but the first person I meet in the lift on Saturday morning Edmunds, face white and jaw clenched. "I'm leaving the tour," he announces.

Downstairs, the air's so thick it's like drowning in molasses. During the night, there'd been an altercation, a bit of midnight raving that had gotten out of hand, a prank escalated into a fullscale accident during one of those moments when perceptions and perspectives are eroded by booze. Though Edmunds was not the main protagonist, he and one other had been fired off the tour by Nick Lowe as soon as the latter found out about in the morning (it had all happened in his room, but he'd slept right through it).

The Main Culprit had been reinstated by Lowe because he apologised, but Edmunds refused to do likewise, and unrepentantly hopped a cab to the station to go back to London, leaving his guitar and amp in the truck. Lowe and Williams attempt to follow him to the station but all their love's in vain since the train has left ten minutes before they get there.

Saylarvie. Williams drums the first part of Lowe's set by himself. "I Knew The Bride" is dropped from the set and Elvis Costello weighs in on second guitar on "Heart Of The City". And like the cavalry charging over the ridge is the last reel, Wallis delivers a solo on the Saturday night version of "City" that's as good as anyone — even Dai Edmunds — could have played on that song. Watch this boy — life begins at 30, Larry.

EN ROUTE to Leicester, the party stops in the charming little tourist-trap village of Bakewell — where, as various members of the party are not slow to point out, the tarts come from. Ian Dury buys up one chemist's shop's entire stock of Interdens — medicated toothpicks, lamebrain! — and ceremoniously distributes them to the assembled company.

After various eating places have been dismissed as "too expensive", I-man ends up having lunch with Costello, Davey Payne, Farrah and photographer Fran at a tiny little caff where the strain of providing five simultaneous orders proves almost too much for the facilities.

After the purchase of throat pastilles, apples, and ice-cream, me and Costello settle down to rap our way to Leicester. Various people are opining that Edmunds will show up in Leicester. Me, I reckon it seems unlikely and sure enough there he isn't, but by Monday he's back — "Hello boys" — and All Is Well.

Elvis Costello reckons that the current albums by Richard Hell, Talking Heads and Ian Dury are among the finest music of the last decade, and that the biggest pain in the musical ass these days are punkwagon jumpers. He loves The Sex Pistols and The Clash, but has nothing but withering contempt for the third-div punk bands. "Ian Dury's 'Blackmail Man' really shows those whining little brats what it's all about."

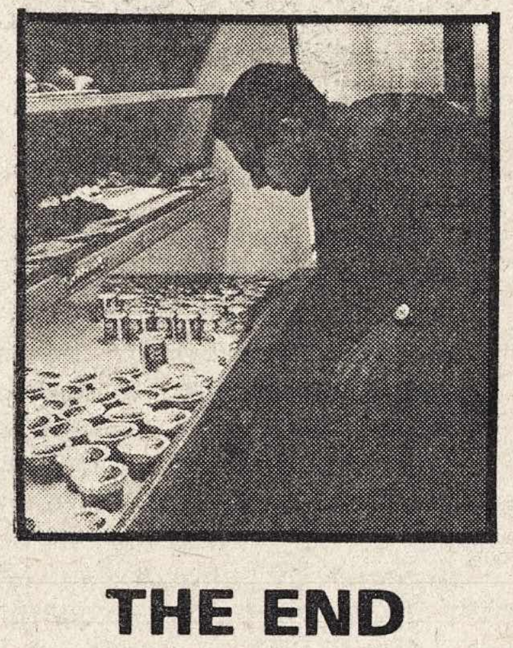
There's been talk of Richard Hell becoming an honorary Stiff for the occasion in Leicester, and as it turns out he's there at the gig, but in a non-playing capacity. He's in the wings for the Dury and Costello sets, chugging on a can of beer and staring in bemusement at the slightly absurd spectacle of me and Costello singing along to "My Old Man". His eyes widen — if that's possible — in delight as Dury croaks "Arse-holes-bas-tards-fuck-ing cunts-and-PRICKS!!!" at the beginning of "Plaistow Patricia".

In his honour, Costello opens his set with Hell's "Love Comes In Spurts".

As soon as we'd trooped into the hall, Pete Thomas had turned round and announced "Now *this,* my friends, is what I call a *gig,* "and in terms of sound quality and general vibe Leicester beats Manchester all hollow, even despite the absence of Dave Edmunds. The audience is up and grooving right from the start, which proves that college gigs are okay, buster, even though they do play an endlessendlessendless eight-track of "Sergeant Pepper" in the bar.

Which is where we came in, with Ian Dury's joyous innocent mantra "SEX!!!! and DRUGS!!!! and ROCK!!!! and ROLL!!!!" chanted by a berserk hallful of kids high on good vibes and rock and roll music and anything that they happened to have brought along with them.

Listen, everyone's a billtopper on this tour, everyone's a star, and I'd recommend you go see any of these acts, singly and together, in the future : Dave Edmunds' Rockpile with Nick Lowe, Ian Dury's Blockheads, Elvis Costello and the Attractions and whatever Larry Wallis gets up to next, not to mention poor ol' Wrecked Wreckless Eric. You know it makes sense bruvvers'n sistuhs, and you best bleive it's gonna do ya good . . .



THE END

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Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS

THRILLS

JIMMY PAGE Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"NO SPLIT IN ZEP" — PAGE

LED ZEPPELIN fans in suspense over the fate of the group can stop rending their rune embroidered denims. The band is not splitting up.

At least, Jimmy Page says it isn't — and he may be supposed to be in the know.

Last week the guitarist emerged from what one fondly imagines as his ivory tower in Sussex, fed up with what he'd been reading about himself and his associates, and raring to say a few things.

"I wanted to do some interviews because so much crap's been written, and it's the old story with music papers. If you don't make a positive statement they just speculate, and any wild rumour gets blown up into an apparent fact."

On the possible rupture in the Zeppelin, Page was indignant. "All that was really tasteless. I think it was really in bad taste because obviously, after the tragedy that Robert experienced, he needs time alone with his family.

"And Zeppelin's so close that no one person within the band would think twice about that situation.

"But you see, it's just the element of silence that transcends the whole situation to the point that people start putting their own interpretation on what *they* think. They think automatically: 'Oh, well, Robert's going to jack it in,' so they print it. They just assume it.

"There is no question of splitting up. I know Robert wants to work again. He'll start working again at his own pace to begin with.

"But I do know he wants to work again."

● *Continues over*

GABRIEL GANG FREED

PETER GABRIEL LAST WEEK became the latest victim of the craze that's sweeping through the police forces *sur le continong* — arresting rock'n'roll bands as suspected terrorists.

With the whole of Europe on permanent red alert for the Baader-Meinhof gang, groups of wasted looking young men in black leather jackets, driving around late at night, can cause any village copper to get a little edgy — as The Vibrators discovered when their farmhouse near Berlin was raided a couple of months ago.

Last week it was Gabriel's turn for a spot of mistaken identity.

Peter and his band were en route for a concert in France, driving through Switzerland, when they decided to stop in the town of St. Gallen to make a telephone call. Parked, innocently, outside a bank . . . car engine running . . . Gabriel in leather jacket and scarf halfway across his face, bassist Tony Levin with his shaven head . . .

Perhaps not surprisingly, a couple of locals thought it was a bank raid, and promptly called the police.

The police, in their turn, thought they'd nabbed a bunch of terrorists — and their hopes shot even higher when they opened tour manager Richard McPhail's suitcase and found it crammed with large amounts of money in no less than four different currencies.

At gunpoint the party of four musicians, one musician's wife and McPhail was carted off to the cop shop, where they were interrogated by police officials. Trying to convince the cops of their mistake was a four-hour ordeal, Gabriel told *Thrills*.

At one point the police thought they'd broken the band's cover story, as they didn't have their instruments with them — and in the end, to try to prove their identity, Gabriel and the boys decided to improvise the barbershop quartet song "Excuse Me", from his debut album.

"There was a slight quaver in the voices," Gabriel told us, "but otherwise the performance was intact."

Finally a call to the French promoter established who the band really were. Still, Gabriel's not forgetting it in a hurry.

"Although we were frightened because the police were waving loaded guns at us, I think they were more frightened of us at first because they obviously thought we were involved with the Baader-Meinhof gang."

"Excuse Me" will in future be dedicated to the vigilant, if misguided, police department of St. Gallen.

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

FRANKFURT: Pictures from police files of 8 from 16 terrorists wanted in connection in the kidnap-murder of Hanns-Martin Schleyer. (L-R), top: Susanne Albrecht, Elisabeth van Dyck, Rolf Heissler, Christian Klar. Bottom: Friederike Krabbe, Jorg Lang, Silke Maier-Witt and Brigitte Mohnhaupt.
PICTURES FROM FILES — SCHLEYER (UPI) dh/dpa

THE THREE MEN who have been on trial at the Old Bailey accused of attacking Virgin Records boss Richard Branson (see *Thrills* 22.10.77) have been acquitted.

Sebastian and Brent Clarke, co-owners of Atra Records, and Denis Bartholomew, a law student, were all cleared of assaulting Branson at his home in Denbigh Terrace, Notting Hill, and of attempting to blackmail him for £5,000.

The prosecution had alleged that the Clarke brothers and Bartholomew had been accompanied on their visit to Branson's house by a six-foot "heavy", a man whom the police had been unable to trace.

Sebastian Clarke said in evidence that the man, known as "Bombie", was a business acquantance whom his brother had asked to act as adviser in discussions they intended to hold with Branson over a dispute between Atra Records and Virgin Records. The man was not there to "scare" Branson.

Clarke said that both he and Branson had become excited and had begun to shout. At one point Bombie, who was carrying a rolled-up newspaper, had touched Branson on the body with it several times. But Branson, he said, had not been beaten up or thrown downstairs.

The original financial dispute concerns reggae star Keith Hudson, who has been on both Virgin and Atra's rosters, and money which Atra claim Virgin owe them for distributing Atra product. This is expected to be settled in a civil court.

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS

INSIDE INFORMATION

P.12: The mysterious case of the unBowie collectors' item.

P.15: The Hunter — what Albert King never mentioned.

P.16: Ventriloquism made easy.

P.17: Yes, it's Blackmail Corner — plus the hole truth about modern art.

• From previous page

Plant himself is understandably still too upset and concerned with his family to engage in rock and roll gab. But a friend of his has quoted him as saying: "I haven't turned my back on the band, and they haven't turned their backs on me."

Suggestions that Page may have brought down the wrath of malignant forces on their heads or inspired any troubles that have come to Zeppelin by way of curses on Page, the band and their American tour — concluded when Plant's young son died — were met with scorn.

"I can't account for the lunatic fringe. I think a lot of people put two and two together in their own minds without really knowing the facts and thought, 'Oh, that's it'. But the tour was really, really great. It's just that this tragedy happened, and it doesn't bear thinking about really.

"If anybody thinks of their best friend having that happen to him, I'm sure they'll understand. Everybody in the band and the closer part of the organisation felt the same way.

"As to why not that much has been heard from the band, as far as my own case goes I've been setting up a studio which is so advanced there's one bit which is still in the laboratories having tests on it."

Not being Miss Technical Manual of 1977, his description of what he's been up to his eyeballs in sounded to me like something from *2001: A Space Odyssey*, but of Page's pursuits more anon.

For Page's line on Zeppelin's future, Bill Graham and the now famous Backstage Incident, the reported UFO sighting, bad karma, the new wave and what he's been working on, tune in again — real soon.

ANGIE ERRIGO

THRILLS

UNCOVERING THE REAL DAVID BOWIE

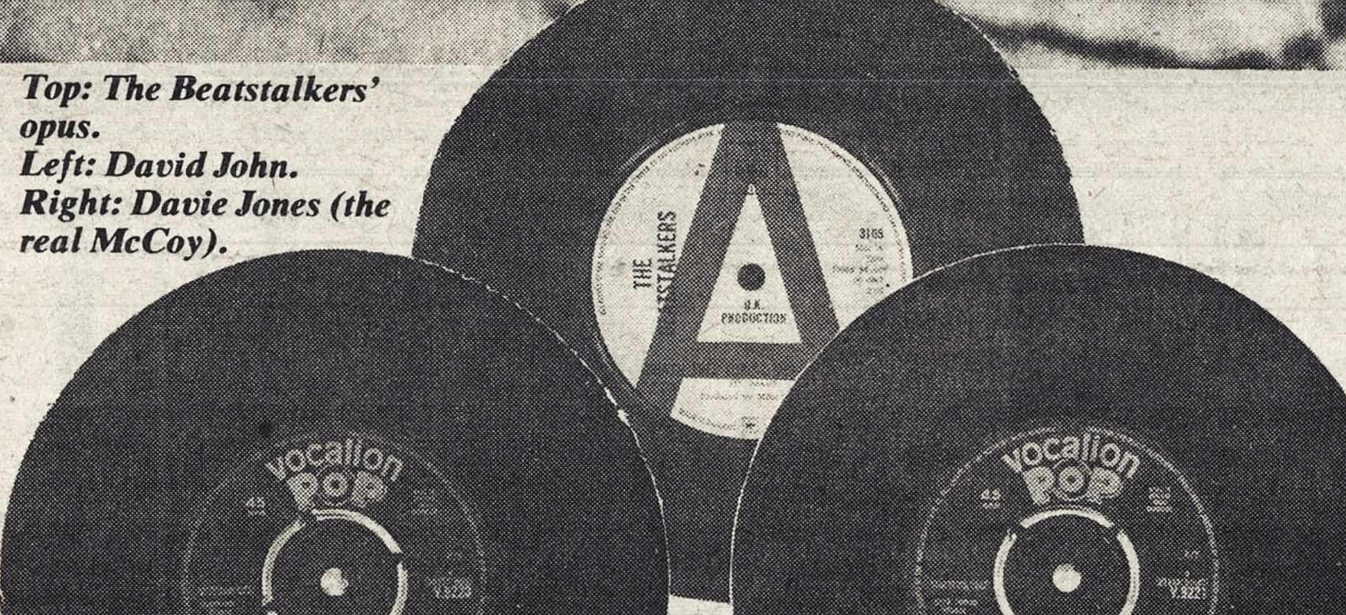
A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE can be a very dangerous thing. When it comes to record collecting, it can also prove to be very expensive.

All of a sudden, people are becoming quite hysterical about The Beatstalkers' interpretation of a 1967 David Bowie song, "Silver Tree Top School For Boys" (CBS 3105). For some inexplicable reason (probably money), this single is being treated as The Holy Grail. Telephone numbers have been quoted as the current going price, whilst recently one Manchester record store even decided to put a mint promo copy up for auction.

In fact, the display advert in the press probably cost much more than the record is actually worth.

Bowie, claim those trying to bump up the price, was a member of The Beatstalkers. He actually sings lead, others insist. Both assumptions are quite incorrect.

Our David was *never* a member of The Beatstalkers — a group once billed as the Scottish Beatles — and neither does he sing on the record.



Top: The Beatstalkers' opus. Left: David John. Right: Davie Jones (the real McCoy).

Furthermore, "Silver Tree Top School For Boys" (originally recorded by Slender Plenty, Polydor 56189), wasn't the only song Bowie gave the 'Stalkers. The following year, the group recorded "Everything Is You" (CBS 3557) as a B-side, and then "When I'm Five" (CBS 3936) as an A-side. And that was the end of the collaboration.

The Beatstalkers' records aren't the only obscure artefacts currently being sold as bona fide Bowie.

Just because "To Catch That Man" by David John & The Mood (V.9220) and a single by the real David Bowie's first band — "Lisa Jane" by Davie Jones with The King Bees (V.9221) — were both released in 1964 on Vocalion-Pop, and happen to have consecutive catalogue numbers and lead singers with similar sounding names, it has often been assumed that both groups were one and the same. This theory was further compounded when both artists subsequently switched to Parlophone.

Pure coincidence.

The Mood were a Preston-based "Diddley-beat" band produced by Joe Meek, David John was a Mick Jagger copyist called Miffy Charnley, and mint copies of their three singles aren't worth more than a couple o'quid at the most.

End of Public Service Announcement.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

BENYON *The Lone Groover*

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ISLAND

ILPS 9492/Available on Cassette

Produced by Chris Blackwell

BARBARIANS IN THE U.K.

A brief look behind the jolly John Peel veneer of the British aristocracy's favourite pastime — the Hunt, don't you know.

THE RESPECTABLE FACE OF SADISM. West Germany have banned it, America's making big money from it, while in England the Hunt is interchangeable with the Ball — a place to be seen and to preen.

A bank clerk may attend because his boss is Master of the Hunt, and it'll earn him an extra thou per annum, while the local policeman may be severely hounded by Hunt bodyguards if he gives attention to the Hunt Saboteurs' injuries.

On the other hand, the local heat *may* turn out to be in the class of the copper who told the Eton College Beaglers that they were a bunch of perverted spoiled brats, and advised the saboteurs to carry on with their good work.

Saboteurs like 45-year-old company director and mother of two Mrs Valerie Waters, imprisoned in May for one month after members of the Atherstone Hunt ambushed and sprayed her car and hit her repeatedly in the face with a fox's tail. Mrs Waters' history of anti-hunt protest was seen as "provocation", and she was bound over along with the four men who attacked her.

Understandably, she was amazed. "I was not there to cause trouble. The hunt are there to kill and I'm there to save. I consider I have an equal right to be there."

The same rights as the Huntingdon hare-courser who declared. "Hares were put on this earth to be chased by greyhounds."

But because of their scarcity, hares have to be *imported* into certain areas' coursings, where around thirty a meeting are mutilated and finally killed by becoming living rope in a tug of war between two or more dogs.

The same rights as the East Essex Hunt, who have to breed *all* the foxes they kill for the simple reason that nature's resources have been exhausted. True control of foxes would be easy to maintain by occasional use of a farmer's shotgun were it not for the artificially high population created by cretins like the Master of the Craven Farmer's Hunt, who not so long ago was breeding fox cubs in his backyard for savaging at a later date.

The offspring of hunters are initiated into the sport by "blooding" — having their faces daubed with the blood of the dead animal.

The fox may be chased for up to two hours and bitten to death by the hounds. If it manages to hide underground, spades, rods and terriers are brought into action to unearth it. Failing this, the fox will simply be dug up.

The otter is forced into a river with long, steel-tipped poles and hounded by terriers. It swims up and down pursued by dogs, while the "hunters" bar escape by constructing a fence with their poles and then lining the river bank looking out for tell-tale air-bubbles.

When exhausted, the otter clambers out and is set upon by hounds. Its coat is thick and it fights hard for its life, so death is usually slow. The head, tail and feet are cut off and kept as trophies while the remains are flung to the dogs.

The Quantock Staghunters recently drove a stag into the sea and waited on the beach with shotguns for several hours until it collapsed and drowned, whereupon the leader said: "We are country people enjoying a simple country sport . . . we love our stags."

DESPITE THIS barbarism, their opponents the Hunt Saboteurs are highly civilised people, wanting no one on their side who seeks to end hunting by damaging the other side's animals. The simplest way to ruin a hunt would be to throw pepper in the eyes of the hounds and put marbles under the horses, but that would defeat the object.

Hardened by police horses, the extreme left disagree — even though to be miles from a town with perhaps four companions and a whole Hunt coming at you is a much more frightening situation to be in than a Lewisham-type urban confrontation. Members of the Hunt do *not* use those horse-whips sparingly.

The Hunt Saboteurs believe that the most desirable way of squashing a Hunt is by quashing the preening perverts' dignity. One black activist (who drew quite violent racist abuse from huntsmen simply on making an appearance) plans to dress up as a Zulu, show himself to the hunters and run off into the woods.

Bringing along an ice-cream van to add a fairground ambience is also under consideration.

Local co-operation is helpful; like that from the sixty County Down farmers who have banned stag-hunting from their land, angered by the damage and the cruel deaths.

Altogether more militant (but no less honourable) are the Animal Liberation Front, who believe that "life comes before property", and are planning to use fire-bombs on their raids against animal laboratories.

In a recent *Evening News* interview, four masked members assured the public that they would never endanger animal or human life with their tactics, and claimed to have rescued animals (including smoking beagles) from vivisection, as well as tampering with hunt kennels and battery farms all across the country.

Although a speaker in the House of Lords suggested that the A.L.F. should be "boiled in oil" (if they could *catch* them), and the "intelligent" papers tend not to dirty their objective hands with such emotive issues, certain sections of Fleet Street have been loud in their support for both the Hunt Saboteurs and the Animal Liberation Front. Especially encouraging was the editorial run by the *Sunday People* calling for the banning of all forms of animal abuse.

The Hunt Saboteurs are not registered as a charity, and donations must be made to individuals within the organisation. They have no capital, and put all their funds back into enterprises such as badges, T-shirts and their 5p news-sheet, *Howl*.

Their aim is "to save the lives of hunted animals by legal, non-violent, direct means and bring to the attention of People and Parliament the barbaric cruelties

● *Continues overleaf*

FIGHT AGAINST THE HUNTERS

HUNT SABOTEURS ASSOCIATION
P.O. Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent TN9 1AA.

THE HSA WAS formed in 1963 to fight bloodsports in the very fields where they take place, using non-violent means to save the lives of hunted wild animals. A voluntary organisation with more than 2,000 members throughout the country, they can put you in touch with your local group.

Membership is 50p a year, and for this you get copies of their newspaper, *Howl* three times a year, and maps and full details of the main fox hunting and otter hunting groups around the country. You can also purchase a wide range of booklets, badges, T-shirts, posters and such items as hunting horns.

They advise potential Hunt Saboteurs that hunts are advertised in local papers or in the weekly magazine *Hare And Hound*.

Two members of HSA are currently awaiting a jury trial, charged with desecrating the grave of John Peel, the legendary huntsman. HSA's next main event is on 19th November, when they turn out against the Atherstone Hunt. Details from their HQ.

LEAGUE AGAINST CRUEL SPORTS
1 Reform Row, London N17 9TW.
Tel. 01-801 2177/8.

THE LAGS IS the official anti-blood sports organisation in the UK. It concentrates most of its energies on trying to achieve the banning of blood sports through Parliament.

They are well represented in both houses — Lord Soper is their President, Eric Heffer MP their vice-president — and they campaign vigorously against stag hunting and hare coursing as well as fox and otter hunting.

Annual subscription is 55p, or £11.00 for life membership. They publish a bulletin for members, *Cruel Sports*, which appears three times a year, plus a whole range of other literature on particular subjects. They are also active on an educational level, supplying information and films to schools.

The LAGS are *not* into direct action, as they feel it could harm their cause in Parliament. They have instead set up a number of sanctuaries in areas designed to cut across hunting trails, and they offer free legal advice to anyone who has suffered any damage due to hunt activities.

They are currently concentrating their attentions on otter hunting, trying to get the otter recognised as a protected species before it is hunted to extinction.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF CRUEL SPORTS
27 Merryfield Gardens, Stanmore, Middlesex.
Tel: 01-954 0432.

THE AIMS OF the NSACS are to win legal protection for wild animals, and to educate public opinion against hunting. They advocate peaceful, non-aggressive, non-violent means for achieving their ends and because of this do not encourage Hunt Saboteurs to join them — although they stress that there is nothing in their constitution which officially bans them.

Yearly membership is 75p. They publish a twice yearly bulletin plus a whole range of educational material, and are also actively involved in lobbying Parliament.

DICK TRACY

● *From overleaf*

involved in the hunting of animals until such time as these practices are banned by law."

Offers of active support would also be welcome at the same address. Join the Hunt Saboteurs — travel to calm, picturesque countryside, see fat, rich slobs — and upset them.

You *know* it makes sense.

JULIE BURCHILL

FACTS ON FOXES

IN ORDER TO try and get some hard evidence to back their case, the League Against Cruel Sports recently commissioned a survey amongst British farmers, carried out by a leading independent market research company. The aim of the survey was "to measure the effects of foxes on the farming community and the methods of control of pests used by farmers."

Nearly 1,000 farmers responded.

The facts that emerged were:

70% of farmers did not consider the numbers of foxes around their farm harmful; 27% did.

49% of the first group considered the fox actually to be of VALUE in controlling rabbits, rats and mice.

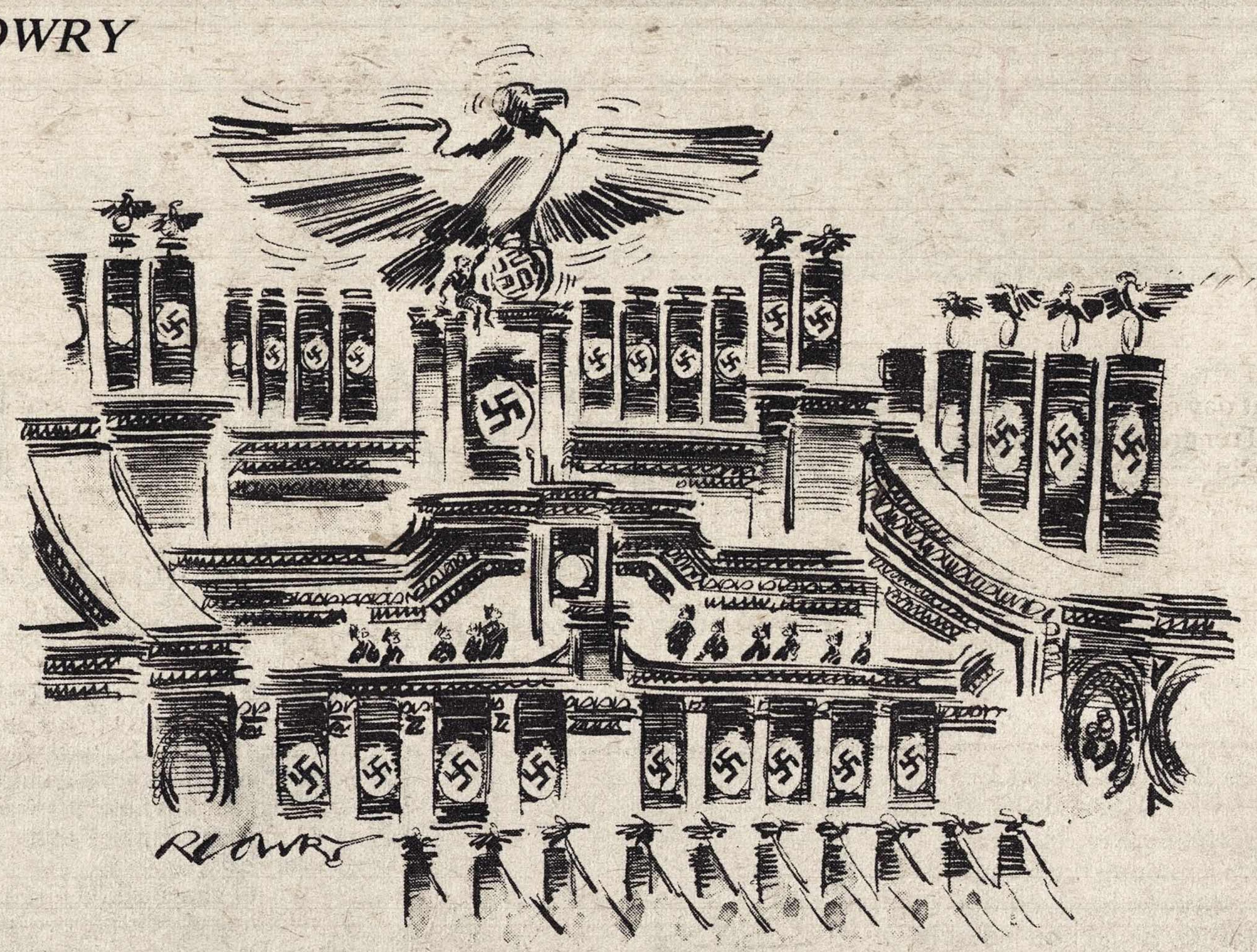
64% of all farmers said they had suffered NO financial loss from damage proven to be caused by foxes in the year preceding the survey. Most farms put fox damage at no higher than £25 a year.

49% of all farms in Britain do not operate any form of fox contral. Only 15% of farmers use fox hunting as a method of control.

The findings of the survey indicate that fox hunting is far from being a necessary method of pest control, and that a large number of so-called "facts" produced by huntsmen have no foundation in reality.

DICK TRACY

LOWRY



"And how about this one? Gottle of gear, gottle of gear!"

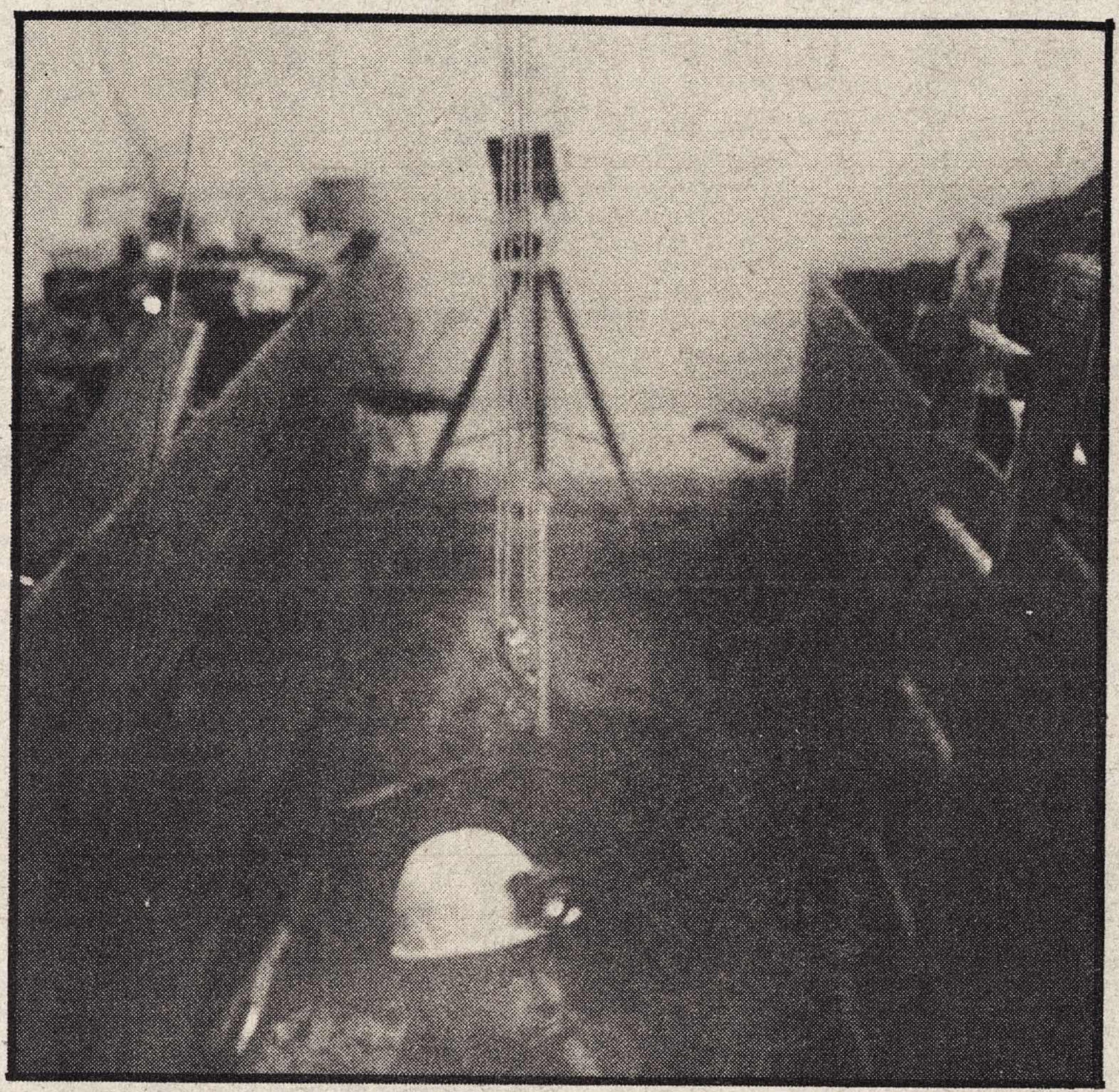
TUNNELLING FOR ART (CAN YOU DIG IT?)

WHEN IS A HOLE not a hole? When it is encompassed within a work of art entitled PASSAGE, an eight day event performed by Kerry Trengrove at the Acme Gallery in Covent Garden.

And what do you say to the artist in the hole? "Hello from outside the hole. How's it going down there?"

Kerry had himself incarcerated within the confines of a concrete cell on October 25, and promptly started to *dig* his way to freedom. A video camera relayed the activity to a screen in the upper gallery, where it was also possible to communicate with Michelangelo in the pit.

When I hit the gallery around the midnight hour last week I was surprised to see that Kerry had an air vent and such mod cons as neon lighting and a chemical toilet in the bunker. The script in my head had him scratching for dear life, gasping as the air supply dwindled, finally dying and then rotting slowly, organically, naturally . . . in short, adding an ornamentation value to PASSAGE.



KERRY TRENGROVE in his hole, as snapped through the view screen by JOHN ANDOW.

"Surprisingly, the actual size of this room doesn't bother me — it's the passage I'm obsessed with. I really want to get through it and see the light at the end — you know, look back through it."

Kerry's PASSAGE defies the bounds of regular collectable art, In fact, he prefers not to confine it within any title or category, such as: Conceptual Art, Earth Art. What then is it? Why is he doing it?

What's he trying to say to us?

"Okay, you know, you go to a rock concert and there's a great surge of energy from the group, the audience lust after that power, they want it and so do I. You can't get it doing a drawing, but this hole, it's ecstasy, and I'm pushing myself to the limit. It's very exciting.

"What I imagined I'd find and what I am finding as I dig are two different things. For a start, instead of soft London clay, I've hit about four feet of hard London rubble: old brick foundations, some dating to medieval times. There's hundreds of clay pipes, I've found jawbones, a horse's tooth, glass . . . fun things to amuse myself while I dig."

Via the umbilical cord/microphone to the outside world, Kerry, by now nine feet along with twenty to go, expressed amazement at the amount of concern he'd received from strangers — some of whom returned to watch his progress as often as four times a day. People come in and read him a newspaper, bring the kids, sing him a song.

As for eating and peeing: "I have a chemical loo in the corner which is pretty good. The smell is quite pleasant and precious. The food is straightforward powdered carbohydrates and protein stuff. Pretty horrible, really."

Suggestions as to what happens to the hole when PASSAGE is finished range from using it as an art gallery for midgets, glassing up both ends, filling it in, or simply leaving it as it is.

Kerry's tools for the digging were a pick & shovel and a drill. He removed the dirt from the tunnel with a sack and winch, and dumped it in the corner of his cell.

"Communication is a big part of this piece, you know. I believe in the fundamental freedom of being able to think, imagine and express oneself creatively."

Perhaps the work should next be performed from within a prison — or, better still, a bank.

JAMIE MANDELKAU

THRILLS

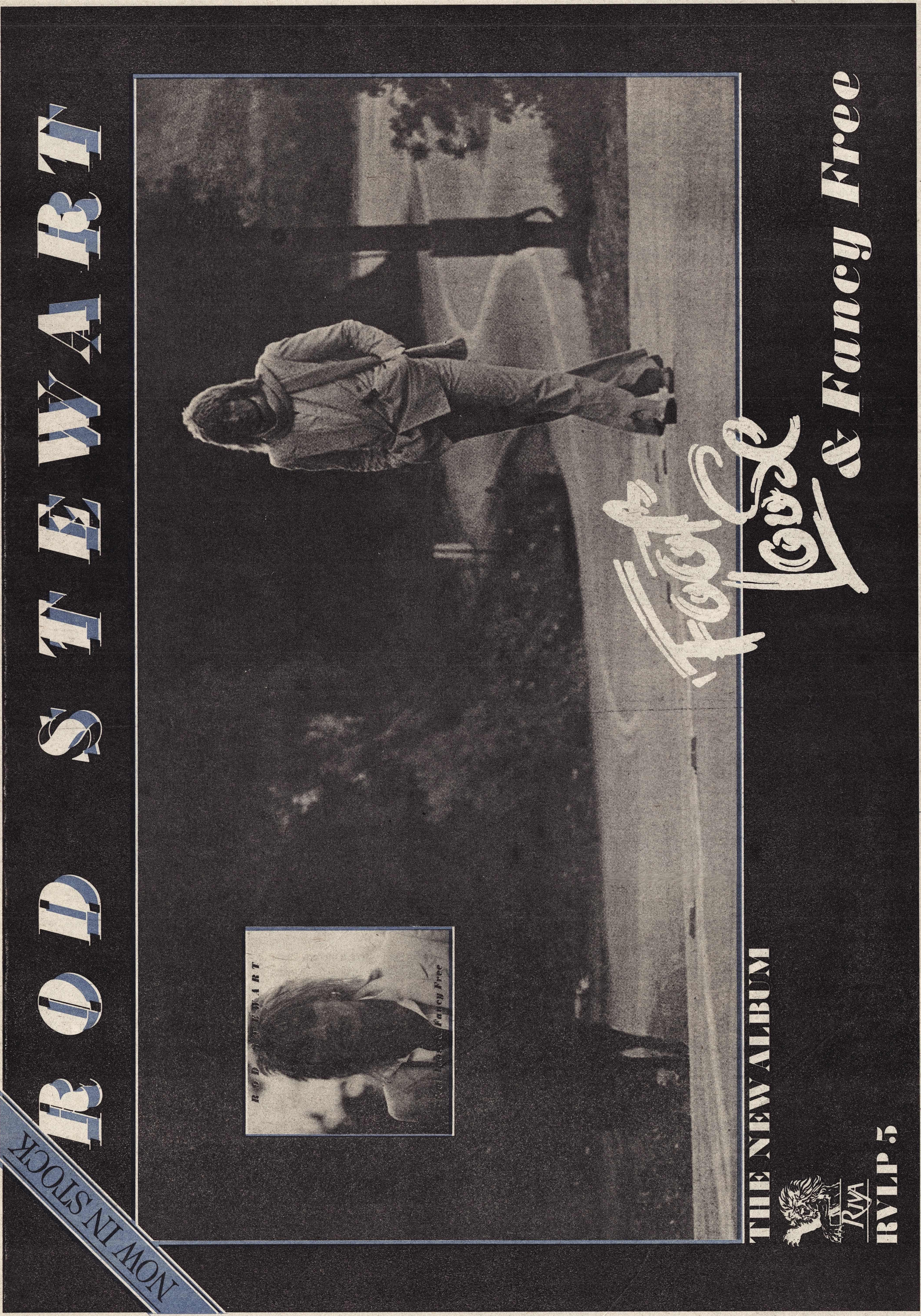
BLACKMAIL CORNER

Recognise this week's victim? Clue: the band was The Syn and they recorded on Deram. See the little chap at the front, in the centre? Well, he's now the bass player in an extremely successful band who recently packed out the Wembley Empire Pool for about a week — and if they don't cough up quick, next week we'll have Jon Anderson in a suit for you to paste in your scrapbooks next to this shot of Chris "Psychedelic" Squire. Okay?

Sent by Mike Kelly of Loughborough.

Daily Express prints J. Rotten pic on its sports page? Nope, it's just motor racing champ James Hunt "doing his thing" after winning the Japanese Grand Prix.

THE END


ROD STEWART
Foot Loose & Fancy Free
THE NEW ALBUM
Riva
RVLP 5
NOW IN STOCK

IT TOOK a bit of courage to sit and start this article as I have said precisely nothing to the press (other than through lyrics) for close to two years. I have approached it then by just sitting at a typewriter and writing.

Today, reading through it before sending it in for publication, there is much I am tempted to add or expand on. There is a strong temptation to bring everything up to date, but then The WHO's last tour did that. The future of course is an open book.

The sections in italics are merely pieces of writing that I have found that I wrote during the months I cover in the article. I often sit at a typewriter and knock out stream-of-consciousness stuff, it helps clear the head, but often brings forth ideas for songs and so on.

They were written sometimes on scraps of paper at dead of night, sometimes at the lunch table with the kids on my lap, sometimes in hotel rooms while filming or performing.

Due to the fact that they were never written to be published, they are somewhat obscure, but they are minimally edited and therefore telling of state of mind and degree of intoxicated desperation.

I used to be a highly talkative person to the Rock Press, and have missed my contact with the writers I spent time with. Silence, however, is habit forming, and I am glad to be able to look back objectively to such an emotive period of my life with the band and try to say it right.

What I never expected was such sympathy and understanding from writers whom I continually put off when they asked for interviews or even just a chat. I have lost contact with many journalist friends because I have been scared to speak.

It's not important; this article helps bring things up to date. Perhaps in the future I can get used to working my jaws again instead of my fingers. Fingers that would be better occupied playing guitar or tickling children.

PETE TOWNSHEND'S BACK PAGES

BEGIN OVER PAGE

February 1, 1977

TODAY I RECEIVED a letter from a neighbour. She says I must forgive her for ignoring me, but it's because of her religion. She knows I have a crush on her. I'm not sure who she is, but I might well have a crush on her if I did; she wrote a parallel letter to my wife saying the same thing. Irritating.

It's now 2.30 in the morning and I can't get to sleep. My crush on my neighbour has become so strong that it will only be satisfied when I have thrilled to the delight of actually crushing her. I sometimes wonder where this piece of my destiny was forged, anyone can sum me up at a glance, my life is on sale. All I know is that it sometimes hurts to be exposed, and to be unable to retaliate without feeding the haggling customers.

I have to look.
I have to go further.
Things as they are should be acceptable, but not when I feel this burning inside.
I must learn to accept things the way they are.
I take the rough with the smooth, and I take the high life offered me with delight, but become obsessive.
I have reached a point of departure.
Not from the people around me I love, but from other things that I am so attached to that I can no longer clearly understand them. Like a cripple's hunchback, my possessions are on my shoulders; heavy but out of sight.
Let me be clear; someone said, "I can't see the wood for the trees".
I say I can't see the path for the walking.
I don't object to walking, mind you. I enjoy the ups and downs. I pay, and I pray.
I met a man the other day who had given up everything and gone on the road. He was full of a kind of "light". But how long will it last? When the thrill of the discovery of life's real value is found, realised, and then digested, what remains? More life. More experience. More illusion.
What is important to me? I would have thought it was obvious. I love my wife, my children, my work, and the people it pleases, my Master, my home, the fields in the morning air, the fish in the river, the faces of strangers.
All this is good. But what now?
What now?

Yesterday was Meher Baba's "Armatithi". Followers of this great Master to whom I remain committed celebrate this anniversary of his passing in 1969. I saw a film of his entombment in the afternoon and felt a most powerful feeling of his presence throughout the whole day.

It is incredible to me, as I'm sure it is to so many witnesses of my day to day behaviour, that I still feel so moved by Meher Baba's words, photographs and films.

After following him for nearly nine years I have fallen deeply into the rhythm of focussing all my reflections on life through a lens formed of experiences I have had under his spiritual umbrella.

That letter and the film; as two extremes they seem to indicate the incredible paradoxes and conflicts that surround me.

My neighbour felt I was cheating myself in believing that I was "too old". The dear soul told me I was still attractive to women. Well, there is always *someone* isn't there? She had read some critical article in some Rock sheet and I suppose they rehashed my psychotic ramblings of a year or two ago, complaining as I did that I felt I was a hypocrite standing on stage talking about "My Generation" to thirteen-year-old kids.

Not exactly a sexual hangup though. Is it?

The most amazing thing of all is that my head has surfaced, some distance from the shoreline of past paranoia, in an ocean of immeasurable possibilities. I feel strong and secure, and for the first time able to talk about what happened to The Who, (or at least The Who through my eyes), back in '74/'75.

If I try to imagine where my head was two years ago I come up with a rather strange vision. Paranoia does not adequately describe the feelings I had. I suppose we all in The Who were to a degree paranoic toward one another, but my trouble was also manifestly spiritual. I felt I had let myself down morally and artistically.

I felt quite genuinely to be a hypocrite. Someone who gets a letter practically every day praising him as well-nigh a saint, but still attempts to act like an adolescent is asking for trouble I suppose.

I have to look.
Perhaps if I leave everything behind and let go.
But what the hell will THAT achieve? I don't feel like running away from life. I LOVE life.
Perhaps though I only love it because it is good to me, I don't know.
Of course! THAT is the key. I love life because it is good to me. So perhaps the key is to chase nightmares, to find trouble, to dare life to show me something more horrifying than my imagination can conceive.
I'll chase nightmares. I'll search out storms!
Life, listen to me . . .
I'm going to test you . . .

THE WHO'S FANS had already seen the trouble with me by late '74, pulled out the rotten tooth with a merciful jerk more appropriate to a nineteenth-century barber-shop than the modern age, and carried on almost regardless.

They are special people because they are there when we are down and out as well as when we are up and moving. They must be resigned to the eventual mental demise of their heroes.

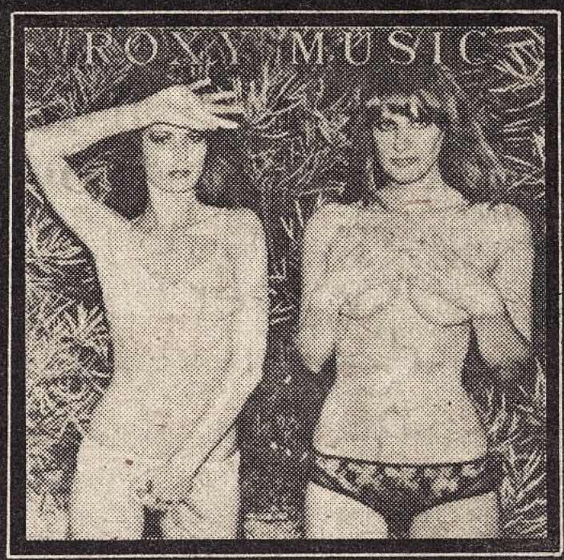
I WAS in one of those shallow sleeps, when dreams are clear as day, but each scene in the unfolding reverie is also strangely dark. Like the harsh clear picture of nature visible a few minutes before a thunderstorm. I gazed at an ocean scene, thinking to myself, "I am dreaming, I control my movements through my sleeping adventures."
In a dream within a dream I awoke for a minute, I looked around the room. Everything was as it should be, the chair in its usual place, with my previous day's clothing strewn over its back. The dead television gazed at me quietly; the window blind was pulled right down, the bathroom light still on, towels on the floor damp and tangled.
I closed my eyes again. I became aware of a strange feeling. Not of an impending nightmare, or even the experience of unease, even though the whole scene seemed set for troubling vision. On the contrary, a sense of elation overcame me, I snuggled my weary head into my pillow like a child, and smiled at the strong buzz of contentment that flooded my mind.
At that moment I heard something distant that seemed to reflect my heady, almost orgasmic, feelings of pleasure. Years before I had experimented with a tape recording of dozens and dozens of piano performances, all swooping and glittering over the entire chromatic scale. I then mixed them all together as one, and the result was an almost unidentifiable sound, but of great beauty and mystery. A sound like waves crashing, or distant wind over a summit, but musical; in fact on occasion a glimpse of detail within the deluge manifested, and piano could be clearly heard.
In my dream I became aware that this new, remote sound I heard had similarities to my experimental work. It sounded like a breath being gently sighed away, but the listener's ear seemed inside the mouth of a lion as it were. Listen to your own breath. Breathe out in a quiet place and hear the beauty and complexity of the sound. The slightest change in the shape of your mouth chamber, the tiniest movement of your lips, and the breath becomes a song or a word. A thousand harmonics are thrown up like glittering reflections on the surface of a sunlit bay. In the mystic's 'Om', is contained every sound and every sound within a sound. Every ingredient that contributes to the source of the primordial desire even to make a sound is contained in that one word.
So this is the train of thought that I, in my dream, was taking. I was still aware of the fact that I was asleep; it seemed unimportant. The new sound grew louder, came apparently closer. Then the miracle surpassed itself, the beauty of the sound became transcendentally glorious. Its simplicity on the surface only disguised a secret ingredient that I felt in itself must contain all things. Like the drops in the Ocean, minute and unlimited, but when combined they make up the powerful, infinite majesty of the Ocean itself.
The ecstasy that this roaring, singing, cascading sound threw me into almost defied description. But while swooning under its import and unparalleled attractiveness I still had the presence of mind, perhaps bought on by the fact that I am a musician, to analyse and discover what this incredible music was. I remember laying on my side, my mouth set in the grin of an idiot who had just discovered gold, but has no idea how much lies in his new claim.
If I could only break down this sound I could remake it for the world to hear, I could make a reality of this, the outer limit of my unleashed and unfettered musical imagination; glorious celestial music of only dreams.
I began to listen more carefully. I tried to ignore the hypnotic sweetness of the sound, almost like a hungry man trying to eat a piece of cheese to appease his starvation, and at the same time compose a thesis on the relative distinction between say, Double Gloucester and Caerphilly.
I recklessly plunged deeply into the music. It became slightly more coarse as I became submerged. It was, indeed, like diving into the sea. The feeling of the sharp cool water is always a shock when one has spent maybe an hour gazing languidly at the sunny surface of the waves breaking on the beach. I could still hear the rippling and soaring of the incomparable sigh, and yet I was now in it, of it. I delved even more deeply into the secret. What was the essential ingredient of this music? What was the fundamental element that created this fantastic sound?
For a few minutes I was lost in my search. I forgot to listen quite so intently to the music, and began turning over in my mind the various possibilities and alternatives. Was it a million pianos? Perhaps the sound of a heavenly choir? That was it! The heart of this sound was the human voice, there could be no question of it. I plunged headlong, further into the chasm of this incorporeal symphony. It was apparently simplifying as I thrust inward. Then, in a second the whole world seemed to turn inside out. As I recognised the unit elements of this superficially wonderful noise, my skin crawled. I could not believe what I heard. As I tore myself away I felt I left sections of myself behind caught up in the cacophonous dirge. I tried to wake myself, but only succeeded in breaking through a superficial level, no longer a dream within a dream, merely a nightmare. A game, a ghastly trick perpetrated on me by my own mind. A vitiated and distorted ploy of my ego to stunt trust in nature's beauty, to kill my appetite for the constant search for the One within the many, the many within the One. For the sound which I was hearing was the Niagran roar of a billion humans screaming.
Now, I really awoke. Ironically the room looked just as it had in the dream. Nothing had changed. My body was soaking wet, sweat seeped from every pore.
Fear lay under the surface of my skin like a disease. I leapt from my bed, clutching a small bead on a string that I knew had been touched by my Master, and prayed for protection. I felt enough comfort to clear my head and allow me to draw a reactive conclusion.
I know, that of all things on earth, nothing is so inherently evil, so contemptuous, so vile, so conniving, so worthless . . . as my own imagination.

QUADROPHENIA (The Who's last major album with a contrived theme, released in 1973) tried to describe the utopian secrets of the eternal youth of each Who member. We get our life extensions from our audience; however far down we go as individuals, there will always be rent to pay, so always an audience. When there's an audience there's salvation.

Mixed up in "Quadrophenia" was a study of the divine desparation that is at the root of every punk's scream for blood and vengeance. I can elaborate on that.

It is really fantastic conceit on the part of the Establishment to imagine that any particular fragment of society itself is ever the true subject of a Rock and Roll

Continues page 22



'COUNTRY LIFE'
ALBUM
2302 051
CASSETTE
3100 351
CARTRIDGE
3801 351

'SIREN'
ALBUM
2302 052
CASSETTE
3100 352
CARTRIDGE
3801 352

'VIVA! ROXY MUSIC'
ALBUM
2302 053
CASSETTE
3100 353
CARTRIDGE
3801 353

ALSO AVAILABLE ON POLYDOR

Polydor

From page 20

song. Even in the famous folk-oriented political complaining songs of the very early '60s there was something higher, a thread of upward groping for Truth, that came strongly through. The definition of Rock and Roll lays here for me. If it screams for truth rather than help, if it commits itself with a courage it can't be sure it really has, if it stands up and admits something is wrong but doesn't insist on blood, then it's Rock and Roll.

We shed our own blood, we don't need to shed anyone else's.

I SPENT the last three days talking about Punk Rock. I'm sure I invented it, and yet it's left me behind. If anything was ever a refutation of time my constant self-inflicted adolescence must be.
Chris Stamp told me they banged their heads through ceilings, swore at one another and if a fight broke out, though "breaking out" is hardly the term to used in this context, one became the aggressor, one the victim. The crowd was one, the fighters played out roles.
Damage, damage, damage. It's a great way to shake society's value system. It makes others disown their children. It makes school teachers puke.
High rise blocks and slums in Glasgow. I don't need to have lived in them to know the facts. I see the faces beaming up at me as I destroy my £500 guitar. Why should they, poor bastards, dig that? They enjoy the destruction because they despise phony values; the heavy price on the scrap of timber called a musical instrument. It's so far beyond their reach it might as well not exist.
The crucifixion is what these people stand for. They humiliate themselves and their peers and care nothing for any accolade. These stars are true stars, they are part of an audience of stars.
"On the dance floor broken glass; the bloody faces slowly pass
*The numbered seats in empty rows; it all belongs to me you know".**
Where am I in space that I should care so much about the lonely souls in tiny square bedrooms a hundred feet up in the air in cities all over the world?
I am with them. I want nothing more than to go with them to their desperate hell, because that loneliness they suffer is soon to be over. Deep inside they know.
I prayed for it, and yet it's too late for me to truly participate. I feel like an engineer.
Just let me . . . WATCH

WHEN I SIT and listen to "Punk And The Godfather" on "Quadrophenia" I come closer to the core of the problem. Where was my head two years ago? I was the Godfather. (When I met two of the Sex Pistols recently I was appropriately in a raging, explosive mood, but I recognised their hungry, triumph pursuant expressions and began to preach).

I was the ageing daddy of Punk Rock in '73. I was bearing a Standard I could barely hold up anymore. My cheeks were stuffed, not with cotton wool in the Brando-Mafioso image, but with the scores of uppers I had taken with a sneer and failed to swallow.

Anyone reading this who hasn't heard The Who on stage, or hasn't listened to "Quadrophenia" might as well put it down until they have. I don't want to bore you folks. Because now I have come to the pompous bit. My ego suitably boosted by reading things I have said when I was only 19.

On the last tour of the States and Canada we did with The Who in the Fall of '76, a lot of things came to a "glorious" head in Toronto, the last show of the tour. The road crew had thrown a party for us and it had been the first party I had been to for at least five years which meant anything to me.

I don't go to a lot of parties as a rule, but I'm glad that I made this one. I suddenly realised that behind every Who show are people who care as much as, or more than, we do. It enabled me, talking to the individuals who help get the show together, to remember that audiences care too.

If ever I sit in an audience, one of the things that make it enjoyable for me is that I spend a lot of energy WILLING it to be the best thing I have ever seen. I get to see some great concerts that way. Ask any Who fan if they care how well The Who are playing in any particular tour, on any single date. The Who don't come into it as performers exactly, but their response to the audiences' energy is vital.

THERE IS no worse a squandering, than wasted improvidence. This man had consumed time in a way that only God Himself could ever hold a candle to, but had he learned anything? He belongs to God, as we all do. Deny that he is then God's folly and what do you do? You refute God Himself. That argument is for cosy firesides. No, this was God's work. The devil is after all only a figment of God's imagination. And so this remarkable fool believed himself to be a figment of a figment. A dream within a dream. He believed he had an imagination that could not be shaken by the actual imagination that brought forth his very own being!
Such impudence.
Such unwitting humour.
Life could easily be able to continue the provision of sideshows in this one's circus. Perhaps his endless dream could be shattered this time.
Maybe this little man's time had really come.

SO TWO years ago, when I felt down, when I felt empty, tired and defeated, the audience of Who freaks carried on regardless. At the time I was very bitter about this.

I remember at Madison Square Garden, having come out of total seclusion in my studio after preparing mind-bending and complex tracks for the *Tommy* film, that when my drunken legs gave way under me as I tried to do a basic cliche leap and shuffle, a few loving fans got up a chant . . . "Jump! Jump! Jump!" Brings tears to your eyes doesn't it? It did mine anyway. Such loyalty.

As the general rule of the day in show business was, "When in or out of trouble — drink", I drank some more.

Drinking around The Who is the greatest thing gutter-level life can offer. The bawdiness of the humour, the sheer decadence of the amount put away, the incredible release emotionally of violent outbursts against innocent hotel room sofas, their stapled-down upholstery with crawling patterns; all these parameters count to get a body through a lot of trouble. The fault lies in the fact that at the end of the orgy the real cancer still lies untackled deep in the heart.

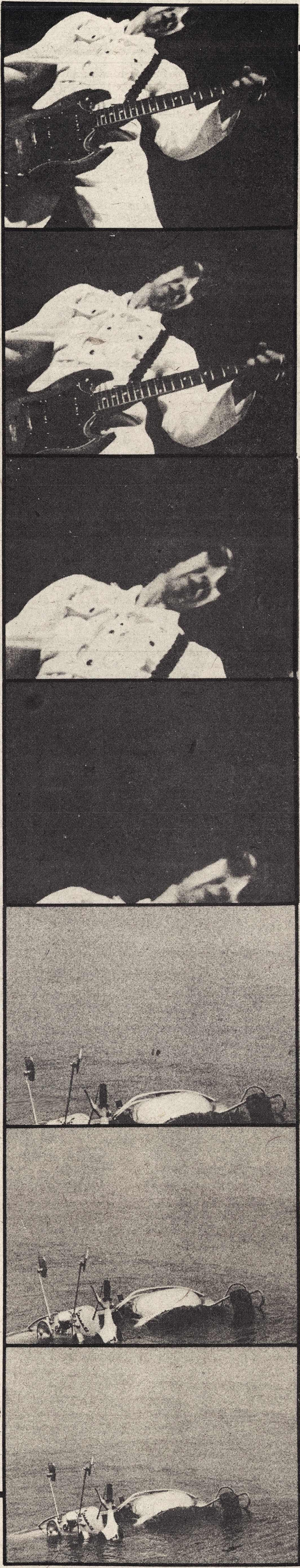
I remember when The Who were recording "Who By Numbers", Keith's courageous attempts to head off his alcoholism moved me to stop drinking too. I stopped overnight. The results were quite interesting. My hair started to fall out.

Another remarkable side affect was that I carried on drinking without my knowledge. This story can only carry credence if we are to believe the observations of the people around us when we were recording, they were probably twice as drunk as I. Apparently, at the end of one session which I had gotten through by pulling incessantly at a total of about 20 cans of Coke, I wished everyone goodnight, walked up to the makeshift bar set up on an amplifier flight case at the back of the studio and drank down a bottle of vodka. I just don't remember doing that.

I got very scared by memory blackouts . . . As scared as I ever had on bad LSD trips eight years before. Once in the back of my own car I sort of "came to". Keith and John were with me, we were probably going to a club, but although I knew who they were, I didn't recognise either my car or my driver who had been working for me for about two months. The shock that hit me as the pieces fell into place was even more frightening than the black holes in my head I felt as the memory lapse began. Eight drug-free years and yet still this mental demise.

On another occasion at the "thank you" concert we gave the extras in the *Tommy* film in Portsmouth, I signed several managerial and recording contracts, in a complete black fog. The only event I remember is quietly screaming for help deep inside as I asked John Entwistle if it had ever happened to him.

I DECIDED on a voyage. On a ship, or even a raft, anything.
I would be alone. Me and my thoughts versus the world of so-called reality.
The sea was calm when I set off, those I left behind waved goodbye as though for the last time. I laughed actually. I suppose it was rather unkind; but I hoped their morbid tears were portentous in a way. I don't really want to win again, but I expect I will.
The waves crashed around me. The weather was very, very bad. But green faced though I was, I felt inside this was an adventure. As my little craft was tossed about by the green, foam-topped crests, I laughed between gulps for air. I choked as I smiled between spewing grimaces. I felt warm in the breast of a storm compassionate enough to make me know it cared about me so much it could scare me.



I ENJOYED DOING the *Tommy* film. I liked the opportunity to rework some of the music and bring it up to date sound wise, and I genuinely admired and respected Ken Russell.

Ken is stimulating company, but is an obsessional worker, and being sympathetic to this strange condition I suppose I allowed myself to work beyond my real capabilities.

Walking off stage after a Who concert we each feel like super-humans. It is easy to mistake this very genuine and natural energy high for innate stamina or some God-given talent for an endless adrenalin supply.

During about the second week of the actual filming (April '74) six weeks having been spent preparing sound tracks before shooting, I declared to Bill Curbishley, our new manager, that I would never work on the road with The Who again. I think I even might have said that I felt The Who were finished. I was really mixing up my two professions, as writer and music director on the film, and as performer with The Who. I think I perhaps blamed The Who's live work for bringing me to such a low emotional abyss. In retrospect I know that it is only from The Who's live concerts that I get energy freely for doing practically nothing. I play guitar, I jump and dance, and come off stronger than I went on.

I might interpose a thought here for those of you who are wondering how someone who is self-confessedly "committed" to Meher Baba can neatly substitute so obviously a worldy source of Love energy for the normal run-of-the-mill devotional feedback loops we all read about in *Cosmopolitan* and expect balding ascetics to practise.

Shouldn't I really be standing on my head, or muttering mantric rhythms, or at least praying?

Give me your indulgence for a few more paragraphs and I think I will be able to show that I do get energy from Meher Baba, but it's a different kind.

After the total downward spiral I underwent during the making of *Tommy*, and after living with the desperate fear of further humiliation of the Madison Square Garden variety, I did a few interviews with the London-based Rock Press.

My final undoing was to see a face I knew and imagine that it belonged to someone caring more about me as a person than a Rock performer. I should have never expected that. What, in a nutshell, happened was that I blurted out my fears, my depressions and woe, blaming the group to a couple of writers whose sympathies were, to put it mildly, a little to the left wing of Rock journalism.

The results were catastrophic in print. Roger was understandably outraged and retaliated to my abject misery in his own interviews published a few weeks later. "I knocked Townshend out with one punch."

I think I was already dead before the punch connected.

"I am scared . . ."
A jack on the street puts his foot on my shoe and asks for help. I give him nothing, and go back to my hotel room.
"The water engulfs me . . ."
I am tired, but I still desperately need the placation of a smutty magazine.
"I hang to the mast . . ."
I feel secure as I lay and make love to myself, needing no-one.
"I am driven below, the wind is shrieking . . ."
A dream overtakes me, so foul it can only be a New York nightmare.
"As I lay on my bunk the water seeps in . . . dripping . . ."
I wake up and switch on the light, it's Sunday, there's nowhere to go even here.
"I am still very scared . . ."
I'm feeling so hungry, Christ I must get some food somewhere.
"But the fear is feeding me . . ."
I put on my phony fur collar coat and go out on the street, the lift operator gives me a dirty look . . . in his eyes I'm probably looking for hook.
"Perhaps if I turn the boat into the wind . . .?"
The street is deserted, the cabs pass me, they wouldn't even stop if I needed one.
"I'm drifting, I don't know my position . . ."
I walk, the street feels good. New York is real. No question.
"I must not be simply swept away . . ."
I see a light in the distance, it's hard to believe, it's an open Deli!
"Not after all this time at sea . . ."
Only in beautiful New York could such an Oasis be possible.
"Suddenly I hear the crunch of rocks underneath the boat . . ."
I cross the street, and sure enough they're open; they're making a delivery, Ice Cream I think.
"I am thrown off the bunk into a threshing, ice cold, saline puddle . . ."
I open the door, inside a cheery German Jew is slicing meat, He smiles, and says, 'Up early my friend, what can I do for you?'

FROM THE beginning, The Who always did have fights; but although this was common knowledge, the hostilities were at least conducted in private.

In May 1975, Pete Townshend gave an interview to NME in which he spoke with a frankness and world-weariness that disarmed not only the interviewer (Roy Carr), but also — his article now reveals — Townshend himself.

"I really hate feeling too old to be doing what I'm doing", he admitted. He was disillusioned with himself ("I haven't got what it takes to be a guitar hero"), with the band ("The group as a whole have to realise that The Who are not the same group they used to be") and their audience ("When I gazed out into the audience all I could see were those very same faces that I'd seen at every gig").

Reading between the lines, one could sense particular friction between himself and Roger Daltrey: "When Roger spoke about rockin' in our wheelchairs, he might be, but you won't catch me rockin' in a wheelchair"; "Forget that tired old myth that rock'n'roll is just making records, pulling birds, getting pissed and having a good time. That's not what it's all about (but) I think that's what (Roger would) really like to believe it was all about."

In a subsequent interview with Tony Stewart (NME, August 9 1975), Daltrey repaid the ill-feeling with interest. "I've never read such a load of bullshit in all my life.

"The boat lists heavily to port, my shoes float away from me . . ."
Grape Nuts. Yoghurt, (In New York there's 'Dannon'; the best!) and some Swiss Cheese. I am spluttering with delight as I order.
"I struggle out onto the deck, it is dark, but I can see the cliff top . . ."
With everything in brown paper bag I walk home. New York, I love you.
"Maybe I can swim for an hour, maybe two . . ."
I find my frozen-toed way back to the warm depths of the Hotel lobby and make for the elevator, in my mind I am already back in my room, a little music on the tape machine, and eating a sweet breakfast like no-one ever knew.
"I jump into the water, it is unbelievably cold . . ."
Up twenty-two floors, turn left, fourteen yards, second door on the right. Turn key, enter suite. Ignore note under door.
"I am under water . . . I can't find the way up . . ."

I FEEL now, although we were both, to an extent manipulated by a skilful and opportunist reporting chain, that the derision handed out to me by Roger for my weaknesses and indulgence did me a lot of good.

It hurt me at the time, but when you're so far down, so the saying goes, even the gutter looks like up. I had, after all, been derisive of Roger many times in print.

Roger went on to work on another Ken Russell film called *Listzomania*, which I managed to avoid. I got my head down to try to write a bit for the coming album ("Who By Numbers") and came up with some reality tinged with bitterness. It was hard for me to admit that I knew as I was actually composing that what was happening to me was an exorcism. Suicide notes tend to flush out the trouble felt by the potential ledge-jumpers, revealing the fact that once the truth is out, there's no need to leap.

I also felt curiously mixed up about my state of mind. "Slip Kid" came across as almost a warning to young kids getting into music that it would hurt them — it was almost parental in its assumed wisdom. "Blue Red And Grey" was a ukelele ditty with John Entwistle adding brass band to the misty middle distance. It was about nothing at all; it reminded me of an old "Smiley Smile" Beach Boys number. "A Hard On A Face" was cynical and tried to cut down the growing dependance I had on mysticism and psychic phenomena. All the songs were different, some more aggressive than others, but they were all negative in direction somehow. I felt empty.

Recording the album seemed to take me nowhere. Roger was angry with the world at the time, Keith seemed as impetuous as ever, on the wagon one minute, off it the next. John was obviously gathering strength throughout the whole period; the great thing about it being that he seemed to know we were going to need him in the coming year more than ever before.

Glyn Johns who was producing our album was going through the most fantastic traumas at home with his marriage. I felt partly responsible because The Who recording schedule had, as usual, dragged on and on sweeping all individuals and their needs aside in its bow wave. Glyn worked harder on "Who By Numbers" than I've ever seen him toil. He had to, not because the tracks were weak, or the music poor, though I'll admit it's not a definitive Who album, but because the group were all so useless. We played cricket between takes, or went to the pub. I personally had never done that before. I felt detached from my own songs, from the whole record; though I did discover some terrific sportsmen in our road crew.

After we finished recording in August '75 we had a month off. I decided to try to get some spiritual energy from friends in the USA. For a few years I had toyed with the idea of opening a London house dedicated to Meher Baba. In the eight years I had followed him up to '74 I had donated only coppers to the work of the various foundations set up around the world to carry out the Master's wishes and decided it was about time I put myself on the line. The Who as a group had set up a strong Charitable Trust of its own which appeased to an extent the feeling I had that Meher Baba would rather have seen me give to the poor than to the establishment of yet another so-called 'spiritual centre'.

My family, in particular of course, my wife, had suffered a lot from my pathetic behaviour of the earlier year, but they would naturally be by my side on any trip other than Who tours. So they came with me, or rather I went with them, to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina where Meher Baba had set up a retreat in the '50s. I intended to travel on after a couple of weeks to spend a full month living under the wing of Murshida Duce in California.

Murshida Duca is the appointed head of the Sufi movement in the States as reoriented under Meher Baba's directives. She is used to recognising and helping her initiates with emotional problems and had compassionately invited me to come anytime to be with her family when she had visited England in October '74.

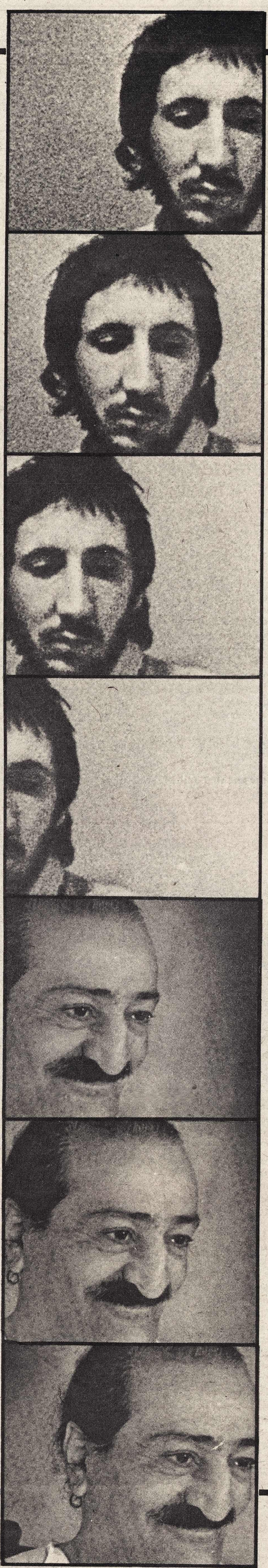
I was genuinely not prepared for the unfolding that transpired in that six weeks. My mind was clouded with the idea of trying to run a "Centre" for Avatar Meher Baba; the difficulties I would have trying to deal with people's whims and complaints; but most of all with the hypocrisy of trying to do such a contentiously idealistic thing while enjoying the kind of life I had been living.

I COME to in a kind of trance; the woman with me is my wife, she is quite uniquely beautiful. Her profile is serene and encouraging. I look down at myself and I'm dressed rather peculiarly. My face is hairless and my jacket waisted with a 15-inch inverted pleat at the back. My shoes are scratched and worn. My collar feels too tight, I glance in a mirror as we walk to the restaurant, is that the so-called 'me'?
Children? Where are the children? I was sure that I would have beautiful sparkling children. Where are they? Settle for now.
We walk into the long elegant room and wait to be seated. The head waiter acknowledges our hand gestures in French. It is Paris.
The woman is smiling with an exhilarated jubilance to fit a queen. I glance along the room at nearby tables. They are all staring at her, entranced. The head waiter suggests we drink Beaujolais Villages, slightly chilled. It costs nothing, there are wines on the menu that cost a $100, but he suggests this simple fare. When it is delivered we understand. The warmth of perfection that accompanies such instants is immeasurable. The way the silken cloth clings to her body revealing not only the perfection of her form, but also the eccentricities; the faults (if it is possible to call them so).
We eat, the food is superb; why, why is everything so right? Is Paris really a dream? In our room the blinds are wound down, the sparkling white sheets revealed in a triangle; the maid had prepared the beds.
How does this fit in? I remember dingy dancehalls, fish and chips and little cheap cars that break down miles from home.
I stare into the future. Nothing that I have ever dreamed of has failed me. So I stare knowing this, that what I will see will be. It's not clairvoyance so much as fatal determination, and yet I know that one day my luck must inevitably run out.
What am I doing with this superb woman? What am I doing?

BEFORE I left England I had written Roger a note telling him that I felt there had been a lot of unneccessary strife between us, and that I hoped I could earn his respect again.

From New York on the first leg of our trip to Carolina I wrote to him again, (he was on the road promoting his new album "Ride A Rock Horse"). I told him I would support him in whatever he did. It felt a strange thing to say.

IN LIFE there is always a time to write. A time when windows fly open and girls call your name in a whisper in your inner ear. A time when complete, savage life stories are discussed primly on television programmes about paperbacks. A time when children play peacefully for hours and in spending the quiteside constructively in conversation we remember, in isolation, how poorly we treat our friends with lack of attention.
If it is really possible to believe that what has happened has happened, then what cannot be? If a man can reach and touch and take and win, why can't God be reachable within?
The events that have engulfed me are ridiculous. My life in futility is a triumph. My bliss and pain and paranoia are interminably pursued, and yet fulfilling. Simple in their sweetness. I have faith in the humility of anger and frustration in the young, in the wonder of birth and revolution.
Faith in all this blossoming from a downward spiral. Things aren't really getting better. Why should they? Who am I to expect that?
Nevertheless, friends are protective. Each soul trying to shield me from the next. How I bless them, how do I earn their love and forgiveness so easily?
These endless questions. They look pretty poor on paper. They flash through my mind quite genuinely though. I promise you I feel touched by your attention. I am knocked out cold by the thought that you are even reading this at the moment. It isn't phony humility, I don't know you, yet you read me and my words without a chance of feedback. You paid a few dollars for the dubious honour of listening to me carp over a glass of wine.
I wish you were here, whoever you are.



I HAD ALWAYS been the helmsman of The Who. Roger and the others, (and by 'others' I don't mean to demean Keith or John's role, or that of our management) always had plenty to say in the group's affairs, but because I wrote the majority of the songs they were inexorably tied up by my feelings, emotions and directions.

A good friend of mine in New York gave me some advice when I tried to explain that I felt the problems in The Who were mainly about me and Roger, not the myriad of managerial and contractual problems that seemed so manifestly cancerous. I was counselled quite simply: "Let Roger win".

The statement is not as cruel or derisorily flippant as it sounds. This person knew The Who and its history, and cared about all of us deeply. What was offered as advice was that I should demonstrate to Roger that I meant what I said in my letters by not hanging on to past grievances or differences. Most of all though, I should bow to the changing status quo within the group that had been created by the fans' new identification with Roger as the front man of The Who rather than me as its mouthpiece (as it had been in the past).

John and Keith are probably chewing my photo right now. I know what always irritates them most is when a journalist describes them as "Pete Townshend's puppets"! If The Who has been a tyranny in the past, it's been a rule by runaway horse. Roger has always seen The Who in a more objective light than me; as things stand today the balance within the group as a result of his more active role in its creative direction has brought me closer to Keith and John than ever before, as well as to himself.

However, were it not for the latent litigious situation between The Who and its old management team Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp I would probably ramble on about it all at great length. Let it just be said, perhaps because I am Taurus, perhaps because I am sentimental, I had resisted Roger in his justifiable revolution against our managers for many years. That had never helped our relationships one iota. Incidentally, the group's subsequent split with Pete Rudge's New York based Sir Productions was an amicable one, but again Rudge and I found time to cry in our beer over lost partnerships. (We often shared a cell after the frequent Who hotel debacles). As for Kit and Chris my feelings now can be summed up concisely; I miss them.

Against this backdrop of good intentions I set off in August 1975 to Myrtle Beach. As my wife, my two little daughters and a few friends who travelled with us crossed the threshold onto Meher Baba's home ground, we were all staggered at the impact of the Love that literally filled the air.

WAKE UP! Wake up!
A drinker? This one drinks like a Gemini should.
All today and none tomorrow.
In her sleep her beauty is profound because it reveals that beauty springs from spiritual innocence. The moment it becomes distorted, blame only aggressive impurity that has touched the heart. The sullied, acrid smoke in this case, though I have to date made hardly a dent in the perfection of my love's crystal profile, is sparked by me and thoughtless action. How can it affect her? Is that just? It affects her because I love her and cherish her; she in her integrity is not in control of her own destiny. She has chosen that I should take the wheel and collides with whatever I encounter.

WHEN YOU hold out an empty cup to God, and demand that He fill it with wine, He fills it faster than you can ever drink. Then you know that the fault lies in your own incapacity to receive His Infinite Love, rather than His capacity to give it.

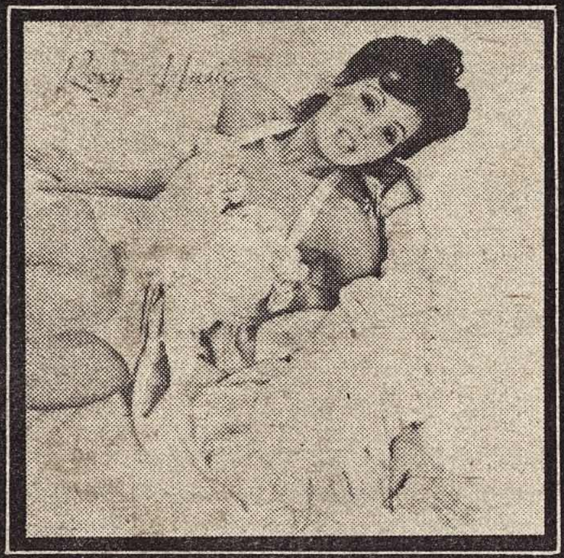
I loosely quote Hafiz here of course, but this is what I felt was happening. Even my youngest daughter Aminta, three years old, became starry eyed with the atmosphere that poured from the trees. I wouldn't say that the warm reception given us by the residents of the Myrtle Beach retreat was not enjoyed and appreciated, but it paled in significance when compared to the welcome we felt in the

"My main criticism was the generalisation of saying The Who were bad. The Who weren't bad. I think we've had a few gigs where** Townshend **was bad; on a few of the last gigs, he was pissed and incapable."

He revealed that during the recording of "Quadrophenia" he and Pete had come to blows, and concluded despairingly: "One of the sad things is that Pete and I are probably never gonna be able to communicate."

Can The 'Oo survive, in any form at all? was the question the NME asked.

Continues page 25



'ROXY MUSIC'
ALBUM
2302 048
CASSETTE
3100 348
CARTRIDGE
3801 348

'FOR YOUR PLEASURE'
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CASSETTE
3100 349
CARTRIDGE
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'STRANDED'
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ALSO AVAILABLE ON POLYDOR

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buzzing dragon-flies, the near distant sound of the Ocean, and the massaging humidity of the warm afternoon.

We spent an unbelievable ten days. I talked to the older devotees of Meher Baba about my plans for a new place in London and they were naturally encouraging. The sun shone, the children enjoyed themselves, we relaxed and relished rejuvenation at the Master's command. The fears that I had that I would be strong enough to see through the imminent testing rehearsals and tour with The Who receded.

Despite the strength I felt growing within me, I think I can speak for our whole party when I say I felt exhausted by Myrtle Beach. God's endlessly present love isn't to be taken lightly. It's great to be forgiven, but it hurts to admit you were wrong in the first place. I realised that I would not be reaping such fantastic emotional and mental rewards had I not been in pretty bad shape; a condition I had no-one to blame for but myself.

We travelled then to California.

"I look out through your blood shot eyes and I ask you, does this really matter?
I am here, and I wait constantly as your hair falls over the typewriter keys."
I don't want to die . . . .!
"Death is not all what I expect, I want surrender, surely that is simple enough."
I am suffocating in your love . . . help me somebody! I am drowning!
"They say that to drown in the depths is really to ascend".
Beloved God, why do you sometimes bring me close to tears?
"Because I am your own heart, you might well be bored with me. I am you.
And have known, and lived, and died with you . . . for a billion years".

IN CALIFORNIA we were well looked after, taken in to the bosom of the Sufi family there, provided with a furnished house, picnics, swimming pool, outings to State Parks, camping trips to the Sierras and all kinds of straight-laced relaxation.

You are probably as mystified as I am to where the spiritually beneficial work was being done in this kind of programme, but spirit was what was needed, and spirit was what I got, even if it didn't fit preconceived notions. Murshida Duce is a remarkable woman. She heads a group of about 300 initiates all committed to total honesty and respect of her authority. She was Meher Baba's sanction as the legitimate Murshid along with "in line" decree from her own deceased Murshid, Murshida Martin. Murshida Martin herself took over under the instructions of the famous Inayat Khan, a spiritual teacher and Master musician whose books on Sufism present a poetic system for modern life.

About this time Murshida was overseeing the printing of her own book *How A Master Works,* full of spiritual anecdotes about her work for 40 years under Avatar Meher Baba. It is an astounding achievement which later took me about a year to fully digest! There is much in it to interest everybody, not just people studying metaphysics.

"Sufism Reoriented" today focuses its initiates on developing their devotion to Meher Baba. Meher Baba gave an explicit charter to Murshida Duce and it is under the limitations of this charter that she works today.

I am not a Sufi initiate, but her spontaneous help in my life has always touched me. I felt it extraordinary that she was clearly comfortable with me. She is a rather grand lady in late years, more accustomed I used to think in her own youth to formal dinners, and cocktail parties for her husband's work as an oil man in the '40s and '50s. In fact she is not so easily pigeon-holed.

I get this same buzz from all of Meher Baba's older devotees; they are in tune with today, and understand that all the outbursts of youth, the subsequent depressions of middle age occurring when the explosion is proved futile, the experimentation with drugs, the violence and the recriminatory generation gap are all based in spiritual desperation, not in the rather more fashionable diagnoses rooted in Society.

On arrival in California I went for a talk with her, to gossip, to bring her up to date on events at home, to ask her advice about the colour of the walls at the newly planned Baba house in London. Instead to my amazement, I sat and poured out my very soul. I couldn't have anticipated this happening for a second. She sat and listened as I told her every grizzly detail; the paranoia, the drunken orgies, the financial chaos, the indulgent self-analysis, (continued herein I'm affraid) and of course the dreamy hopes for the future.

Without batting an eyelid she listened to stuff that was making me recoil myself, then went on to talk a little about her own youth, her life with her husband, the trouble some of her students were having at the time. In short she got me right in perspective.

At the end of this month with her, we packed our bags, said our farewells and headed home. My wife and the kids to school, me to rehearsals with the band. Keith later told me I had walked into the rehearsal hall smiling, he related this because he had found it remarkable. Something positive had happened to me.

Back in England I got hold of a building for the London Meher Baba house, and one morning, early, sat thinking about the past year. I thought about the incredibly circuitous route I had taken to bring me to that point in October 1975, a new British Who tour ahead of us. I got to where I ended up. Having taken energy, freely given, from just about every source I could lay my hands on, being strong again, and feeling fairly certain that I could now Rock and Roll right into my grave, I decided that I could dare ask for just one more directive.

I raised my eyes to the heavens, my future Meher Baba house looming up as a great potential encroachment on my time with the band, and asked the old man, "What conclusions do I draw from all this, Baba? Where do I put this love you've given me?

The answer came out of the sky, in a voice that to me, was in a fantastic sense audible: "KEEP PLAYING THE GUITAR WITH THE WHO UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE."

WHERE AM I and what am I? I kneel at the foot of a picture of my Master, I plead forgiveness, but in dreams I gloat. The superb and beautiful creatures that have lain at my feet. What am I? I look in the mirror and don't see much. Am I purely a fraud? Fall in all you cynics, but how about your own admirers?

The people that I observe fall at my feet, but why?

I think I know. The ego floods away from me like the crutch snatched from a cripple. But the feeling is not bad; they love me for what I could be, not for what I am.

When I screamed for God to smash me down, I didn't expect for a minute that He really would.

IT'S NOW 6.00 am. I thought about taking an early walk by the river, but it's freezing outside. Fresh snow is falling.

They say another Ice Age is looming up in the distance, that the sea will flood continents, that earthquakes will split the world in two.

Yet I can't help but feel strangely optimistic.

POSTSCRIPT

PETE TOWNSHEND has just released a joint album project with Ronnie Lane, ex-Faces bass player. The album is called "Rough Mix" and is the closest Pete feels he will get to a solo album for many years as he is now working on new material for the next Who album. Release date is set for June.

PETE HAS also appeared on and supervised a limited edition album produced by Meher Baba Oceanic, the English Baba group he refers to in the article. It is called "With Love", contains three tracks from Pete of distinctly unusual approach and others by Lane, Billy Nicholls, Medicine Head and Pete Banks. It is available, as is any information about Avatar Meher Baba or the English Meher Baba group, from MEHER BABA OCEANIC, c/o 280, Kew Rd., Richmond, Surrey. Price £3.50.

FOR DETAILS of Murshida Duce's book How A Master Works contact SUFISM REORIENTED, 1300, Boulevard Way, Walnut Creek, Ca. 94595. Price $17.95.

YOU CAN write to Pete or The Who at Trinifold Ltd. 112, Wardour St., London, W.1.

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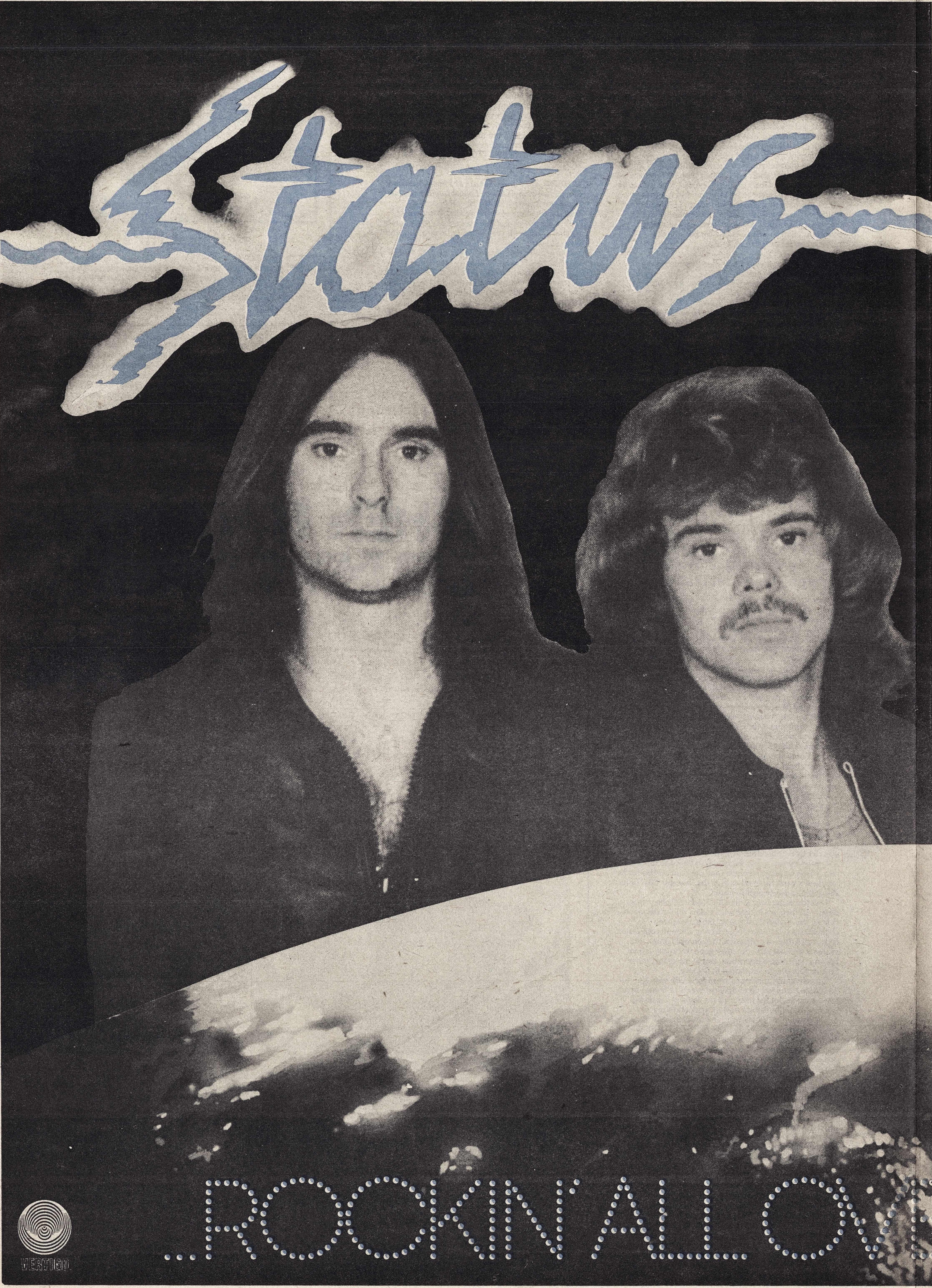
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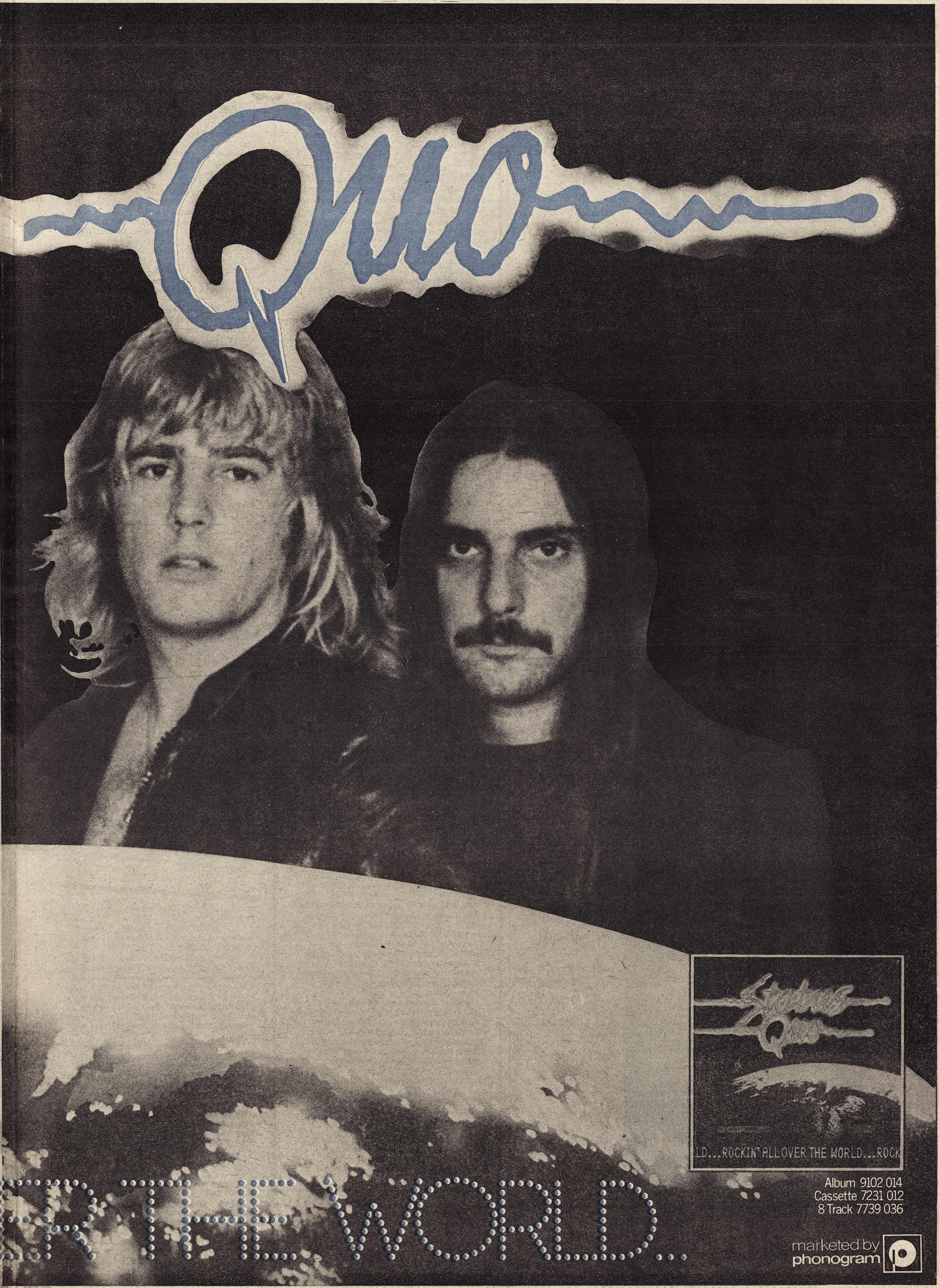
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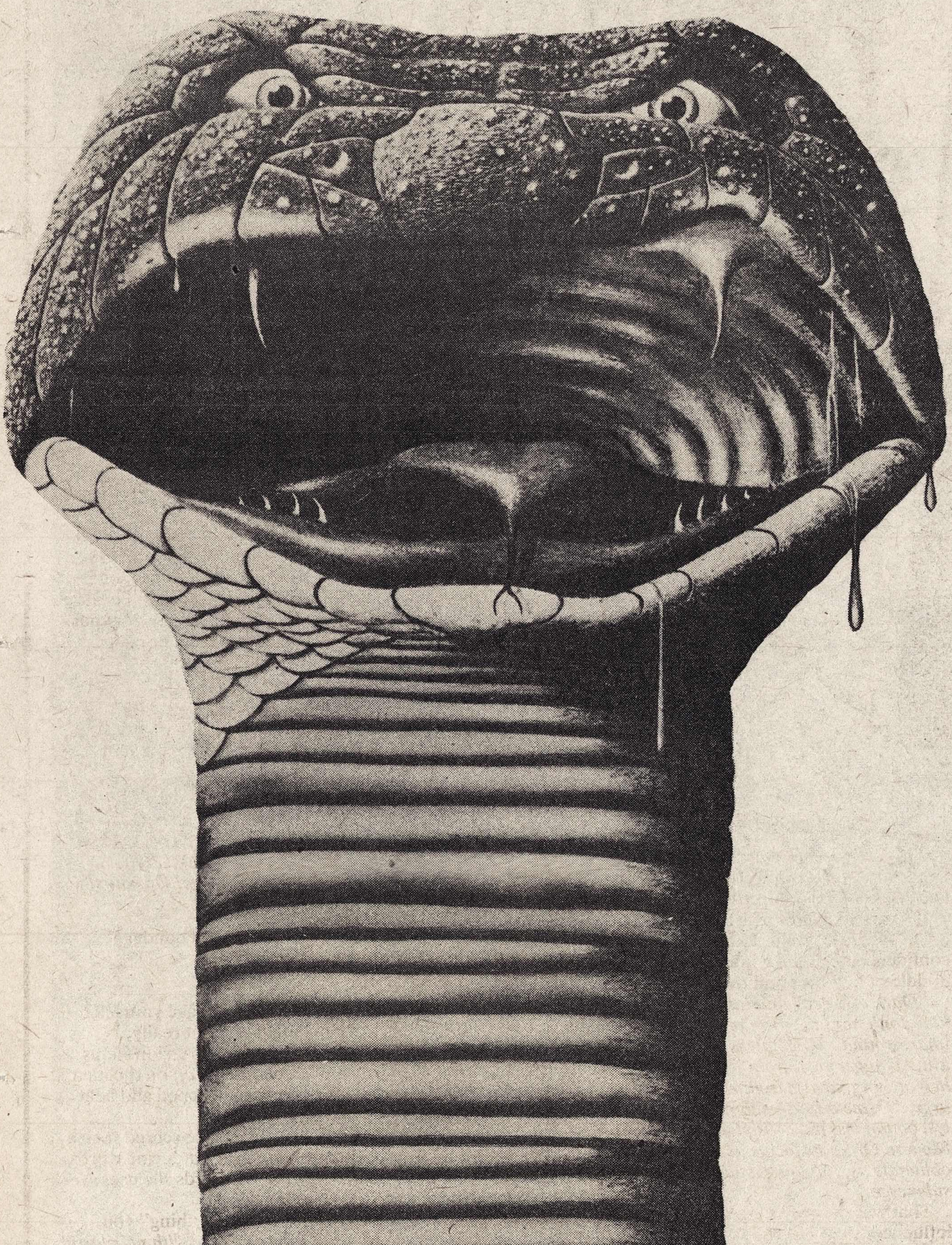

URIAH HEEP

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Special offer from TONY PARSONS

THE TELEVISION'S wax-fruit beauty smiled at me warmly. "Have you tried Golden Wonder New Punky Wavers?" she breathed, her voice thick with the overt promise of manifold carnal delights. "Hmmmm, you handsome hunk of punk???"

"I'm a married man!" I wanted to scream in protest, but my voice was choked with helpless consumer lust, my bloodshot TV Eyes stuck to the hypnotic flickering temptation of the screen. Transmission/ Transition. I was as helpless as a little lamb trapped flat on his back. Powerless.

So I laid back and enjoyed it. What a He-Slut . . .

"Purchase Golden Wonder New Punky Wavers and luscious nubiles will find you — sigh! — *totally irresistible.* Your spouse will remember that *wives should be lovers, too.* Your boss at work will *love you like a son.* Your friends will gaze at you with *envy and respect* (in a very masculine sort of way). The world will bow in *strict molten awe. . .*"

Her erection-inducing eyelashes fluttered seductively.

"Howzabout *it,* you cute punk you," she panted, and I feverishly tore my throbbing wallet from my threadbare strides. I cursed. On your feet or on your knees, here I go again, how can I resist ya?

What can a poor boy do but go along with the rest of the Launderette Generation and bow to the religion of The Modern World — POLYTHEISM, the worship of as many Gods as you can sub-let your soul on.

And I ain't talking about B.O.F. mythological gods with a limp G, kid. I'm talking 'bout the *real* ones. . . Kleenex, Fairy Snow, Wimpy, Weetabix, Polystyrene.

"You won't find *Polystyrene* in the dictionary," says the X-Ray Spex front-girl of the same moniker. "It's a synthetic. . . a patented trade-name. . . you might find it in The Yellow Pages."

If Zen and the artist's art of retaining integrity by dissolving his identity as close to anonymity as possible is slightly impracticable for the sanctified solipsism egotists of The Me Generation, then the logical ploy is surely adopting the identity of some household name mass-manufactured product.

The former blueprint was/is undertaken by the finest songwriter the first half of this decade produced — David Bowie.

The latter ruse was/is employed by the most perceptive mass-media poet(ess) gobbed out in the second half of the 70s; perhaps with cunning calculation on her part, though in all probability with inspired intuition.

Whatever, Poly Styrene (a.k.a. Marion Elliot of Brixton in South London) and her band X-Ray Spex are the only living musicians who deserve the title, New Wave, a label much abused by lazy journalism and the hip posturing of the young executive urban guerillas sporting Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hats with 'Punky Rocker' printed across the top.

This means 'Kiss Me Quick', kids. I guess it loses something in the translation. In a voice resembling a melodic foghorn on her song entitled "I-Am-A-Cliche" (her hyphenation) Poly Styrene chants with a lethal poker-face. . .

"I am a cliche,/I am a cliche you've seen me before,/I'm a cliche live next door,/I am a cliche you know what I mean,/I am a cliche pink is obscene. / Yama-yama-yama! / BOREDOM! / BOREDOM! / BORING BOREDOM!!!!!!!!"

The song is the B-Side of the first X-Ray Spex single, the A-side being a far superior studio version of "Oh Bondage, Up Yours!", than the live version of this much misunderstood protest-song previously featured on the historical document/vinylised souvenir album "The Roxy London WC2 (Jan-April 77)".

On the single's picture-sleeve a metaphorical finger wags in chastisement under the title of "I-Am-A-Cliche".

A phrase too often used, it warns. . .

"I like to send up the consumer society," Poly (pause) Styrene affirms, light brown smooth skinned pretty face, regularly smiling with a disarming contagious warmth, humour and compassion. Over her eyes children's crayons have been used to brightly embellish her eyebrows. She's wearing (from top to bottom) a vinyl and black material top, a psyehedelic kilt, Day-Glo orange tights and pointed, black high heels of shiny, shiny leather. She's short and striking, immensely likeable. There are braces on both top and bottom rows of her teeth. She laughs a lot, her brown eyes shining.

"Although *I* like to consume, too," she qualified her first statement in an accent of husky and authentic Cockney Sparrer.

"Because if you don't then it consumes you . . ."

NASHVILLE CATS bin dancing since they's babies. . . Poly (pause) Styrene dances across the planks of the West Kensington rock-pub The Nashville with the natural deceptive grace of a late-'70s teenage U.K. soul-shoes child educated in the gyrating mass humanity of countless Babylon soul/reggae clubs, the Private World Folk Clubs for the majority of working class kids in this country, whatever their colour.

Poly's Mum is white and her Dad's black, and she comes out of the predominantly black neighbourhood of Brixton in South London.

Her Dad's been an almost total stranger to her since birth and she ran away from her one-parent family when she was just turned 15. She went hitching, on the road at 15, totally alone, the police on her trail. "It all helps build-up your self-confidence."

At 19 she's still carrying excess puppy-fat around under her self-created *kitsch* of many colours, but she shakes like a Modern World Cyd Charisse.

Poly Styrene inflicts a chronic guilt complex on all stationary punks. Her love for Tina Turner and Janis Joplin has benefitted her stage strutting immeasurably.

Behind her in semi-anonymity the rest of X-Ray Spex exert refreshing control of dynamics from quicksand-in-my-cranium doomy depression noise that is quasi-Iggy's "The Idiot" or Roxy Music's "In Every Dream Home A Heartache" right through to jerky, fret-purgatory comprising the malicious/melodic consciousness of Sex Pistols/Buzzcocks quality control.

The X-Ray Spex soundtrack is fleshed out greatly by the saxophone embellishments of Glyn Johns, the geezer who replaced previous sax-blower Laura Logic when she went back to school. The instrument works as Eno-effectively as Roxy Music's first brace of albums and Bowie's latest offering, "Heroes".

The rest of the band appear at once to be highly introverted and suffering from a severe nervous disorder. Richard Tee beats the skins and is also known as B.P.; Happy Jack Stafford play lead and is dubbed 'Jack Airport' on occasions; and Honest Paul Dean screws his callow-youth visage in total concentration as he pumps out the voluble bass-lines.

The crowd of frantic pogoing malpunks ricocheting off each other in front of the stage direct the mandatory streams of gob and ale at the band. Poly picks up a pint glass full to the brim with water, takes a small sip and casually throws the remaining contents of the glass all over the sheep mentality .phlegm-merchants.

For a few seconds the drenched pinheads are petrified with shock, and then they hurl themselves into their neurotic/psychotic dervish dance with the blinkered fanaticism of True Believers. People are pulled out of the safety-pin implosion suffering from minor flesh wounds. Poly stares at them with unflinching cool. If she wasn't a girl, she would have probably cried.

Poly don't have to pose. She's got everything she needs. She's an artist. When she looks back she does so without self-pity or melodrama. She laughs a lot and Tony Parsons likes her a lot.

"I-DENT-TI-TEE!" she shouts, as always bawling the chanted title before each song. "ONETWOTHREEFOUR!!!!"

"Identity is the crisis, can'tcha see?/When you look in the mirror do you see yourself?/Do you see yourself on a TV screen?/When you see yourself don't it make you scream?/When you look in the mirror do you smash it quick?/Do you take the glass and slash your wrists?/Did you do it for fame?/Did you do it in a fit?/Did you do it before you read about it?/ Identity is the crisis can'tcha see?"

But some gems fall on deaf earbuds and the author's message is for the most part unheard, almost as if the rich cacophony of the X-Ray Spex Modern World soundtrack was all the band have to offer. What a bleedin' waste . . .

Oh, Philistines! UP YOURS!

Poly Styrene wrote "Identity" when she was down the Covent Garden Roxy one night and witnessed the consequences of F. Street/Gutter Rock Press Punk Nihilism Hyperbole in the form of some wrecked chickpunk destroying one of the club's numerous wall-mirrors.

"She would never have done it if she weren't a 'Punk",' Poly comments as we sit on a pub-balcony overlooking the murk of the Thames and hordes of clean-cut tower block office workers get into the gut-bloating fiesta atmosphere of a London Friday Lunchtime.

"She was acting like she thought a punk should act," Poly continues. "You gotta give the Roxy credit, though, it was a great club when it opened, there was a real scene, something was happening . . . and, of course, it was the only place we had to go . . ."

Pic by PENNIE SMITH

She feels NW/PR is losing the impetus it had last year because more and more people are being attracted to the music/movement/state of mind for all the wrong reasons such as labouring under the self-delusion that sticking a Zandra Rhodes safety-pin through their sexual organs will enable them to participate in much perverse fornication or slipping the bondage strides on will give the membership card necessary for participation in urban hostilities with other Youth Cults.

In "My Mind Is Like A Plastic Bag" she sings, *"My mind is like a plastic bag,/That corresponds to all those ads,/ It sucks up all the rubbish that is fed in through by ear,/ I eat Kleenex for breakfast and use soft, hygienic Weetabix to dry up all my tears,/ My mind is like a switchboard with crossed and tangled lines,/ Contented with confusion that is plugged into my head,/"I don't know what's going on, it's the operator's job NOT MINE!", I said. . ./My dreams I don't remember,/I'll tell you what I think,/I dreamt that I was Hitler,/The ruler of the sea,/The ruler of the universe,/The ruler of the supermarket,/And even fatalistic me."*

Poly herself has been the victim of media excrement-stirring when the stall she had down the King's Road flogging her clothes-visions was repeatedly trashed by marauding Teds and she was forced to close shop last summer.

"Also I had to get out coz they wanted to clear all the punks outa the market," she chuckles good-naturedly. "Coz they were nicking too much gear from the stalls. . . it was a right larf down there, though. . ."

Poly Styrene is that showbix rarity — a Major Talent who it's actually *fun* being with, who has a warm sense of humour that she flexes regularly, who doesn't suffocate you with her ego, and is easy-going and suss enough to let you choke on your own, if that be your wont.

Without wanting this to sound like a rags-to-glory sob story of heroic Hollywood proportions, maybe it's got something to do with the fact that she has had the kind of tough self-educating background that the majority of punks are inventing for their Press Officers to get down on paper. Poly don't have to pose. She's got everything she needs, she's an artist and when she looks back she does so without the tiniest modicum of self-pity or theatrical melodrama. She laughs a lot and you like her a lot.

'My Dad's a nomad, I only ever saw him at Christmas and I used to hate him, but I don't now . . . I ran away from home when I was 15 not because I was unhappy at home but coz I just wanted to see what else there was. I'd never been outa London before. The law was after me but they didn't catch me coz they made the mistake of thinking I'd only go round me mates' homes in London." She laughs with mischiev-mirth. "Fooled *them!*"

Are you any closer to your Dad these days, Poly?

"No, I ain't. . . but I would like to talk to him and get to know him a bit coz I never got the chance when I was growing up in Brixton."

She feels that Brixton isn't as tough as people think it is, but admits it's the worse place to be for a half-white, half-black girl caught in the crossfire of racial prejudice and never fully accepted by either group.

"It's always worse when you're a kid and I used to get it from *both* sides," she smiles with uncanny paucity of bitterness. "I got it most bad from the black kids, especially when I was about 14 and really *felt* black, wearing me hair in dreadlocks an' that, *wanting* to be black. . . but the black kids just took the piss out of me."

She stresses that her colour (which is, incidentally, a beautiful light golden brown) had nothing to do with her running away from home and says that her wanderlust was tempered with the desire to steer well clear of the leave-school-get-job-settle-down syndrome.

It's very tough for a girl hitching alone, Poly.

She laughs. "Yeah, I know, but it builds your confidence. . . when you're on your tod in the middle of nowhere and there ain't no rides. . ."

"Dark and eerie and it's really late, / Come on, kid, don't hesitate, / We're going down to the underground. / The hate is lethal and dressed to kill, / Dagger glass from Richard Hell, / Tension heightening, hear it frightening, / If you got the urge, / Come on, let's submerge. / The sub-terrain is a bottomless pit, / Vinyl vultures out to hit, / Modern Order suffocate us, / Smoulder on to obliterate us, / If you got the urge, / Come on, let's submerge."

That was the only song where the X-Ray Spex influences were not refreshingly vague, and, as I said in my review of their recent Vortex gig, it sounds musically very close to The Sex Pistols' "Submission", althhough it's far superior lyrically.

"Well, I don't really know that song, but I guess I must have heard it coz of all the times I've seen the Pistols . . . I still like them best of all the bands . . ."

When did you first catch 'em live?

"I see 'em at the start of 1976 on the end of the pier in Hastings," Poly recalls with her toothy beam gleaming.

"The only people there were little Swedish girls who had come over on the boat for the day! And upstairs there was all these old people doing ballroom dancing! With the Pistols downstairs! It was really funny!"

When asked about other influences Poly don't deal in specifics, acknowledging periods she went through of being into Bowie, Dylan, Iggy, Joplin, Roxy Music, reggae and Tina Turner.

Poly Strene: "I'm just influenced by *everything* around me."

Bob Dylan: "Open your ears and you're influenced."

Is "Obsessed With You" about wax-fruit yummies like Farrah Fartset-Major?

"Yeah! All of those pre-fabricated icons . . . Dolly Parton . . . but Johnny Rotten thinks that it's about *him!* Virgin told him that it was but it ain't! But I suppose it *could* be," she muses thoughtfully. "Although mostly they tend to concentrate on selling women that way . . ."

"You are just a concept, / You are just a dream, / You're just a reflection of a new regime, / You are just a symbol, / You are just a theme, / You're just another figure for the sales-machine, / You are just a victim, / You are just a find, / Soon to be a casualty, / A casualty of time, / OOOH-OOOH!/OBSESSED WITH YEW-OOOH!"

She says she doesn't feel she's got the right to make judgements in her songs, which is exactly what Zim Boy Dylan said. However, she concedes that more than an element of her own viewpoint stamping its authority on the psyche of the listener.

Her songs are all of such diverse perceptive brilliance that they run through rapid chord changes of emotion in your soul and make you think that the fact that X-Ray Spex are not bombarding the charts with a scatter-gun release of smash hit singles of X-Tee Rex nationwide dimensions is nothing less than a criminal waste.

BEING BOTH female and having a dark skin pigmentation Poly knows more about discrimination, bigotry, prejudice and repression than a male spoilt-brat W.A.S.P. like me ever could, and it's society's misogyny more than racial hatred that acts as lifeblood to her finest songs.

Like "I Live Off You".

"I live off you and you live off me and the whole world lives off of everybody, / Coz here we gotta be exploited, / Here we gotta be exploited, / Fuck somebody! / Fuck somebody! / Fuck somebody! / The cat beats the rat, / And the pimp beats the whore, / And she just screams for more, / Coz here we gotta be exploited, / Here we gotta be exploited, / Fuck somebody; Fuck somebody! Fuck somebody!/LA-LA-LAA-LAH!!!"

Or her latest song, "Artificial", which incorporates perennial misogyny comment on life in the Modern World:

"I know I'm artificial, / But don't put the blame on me, / I was reared with appliances in a consumer society, In a consumer society. / When I put on my make-up, / My pretty little mask is not me, / It's just the way a girl should be, / In a consumer society, / In a consumer society. / Wanna be Instamatic, / Wanna be a frozen pea, / Wanna be dehydrated, / In a consumer society."

Poly Styrene's most celebrated punk-protest song is the much misunderstood/misinterpreted/misogynised "Oh, Bondage! Up Yours!" which has been widely touted as a pro-S and M song, when it is in actuality the direct antithesis to bondage funtime.

"It's about being pushed into situations where you can't be this and can't do that," elucidates Poly. "Because people *tell* you you can't because you're a girl or black or homosexual or bisexual or whatever. It's against all forms of bondage, all forms of repression . . . y'know what I mean?"

"Bind me tie me chain me to the wall, / I wanna be a slave to you all. / Oh, Bondage! Up Yours! / Oh, Bondage! No More! / Oh, Bondage! Up Yours! / Oh, Bondage! No More! / Chain store chain smoke, / I consume you all, / Chain gang chain mail, / I don't think at all. / Trash me crash me beat me till I fall, / I wanna be a victim for you all. / Oh Bondage! Up Yours! / Oh, Bondage! No More! / Oh, Bondage! Up yours! Oh, Bondage! NO MORE!"

Have you ever been into actual bondage yourself, Poly?

"Have I ever . . .?"

Have you ever been into bondage yourself? She cracks up with laughter. "Not really. I mean, *fantasies* . . . and the repression stems from the fantasy . . . people *get off* on the idea of being held down, tied up, whipped and beat up. Kinky and all that."

I ask the ex-skinhead where she scored such a stunning vocabulary of imagery-inducing words and she says that most of the words she uses are "just around".

Hey, Poly, in "I Can't Do Anything" you sing, *"Freddie tried to strangle me with my plastic poppy beads, / But I hit him back with my pet rat . . ."* is that about The Stranglers?

"Nah, it ain't about them," she guffaws. "But I don't *like* them."

You ever done acid, Poly?

"I must admit . . . I did take it *once,*" she confesses. "Five years ago."

"I clambered up the miles and miles of Polystyrene foam, / Then fell into a swimming pool filled with Fairy Snow, / I wrenched the nylon curtains back as far as they would go, / Then peered through perspex windows at the acrid orange glow, / I drove my Poly-property car so far on wheels of rubber sponge, / Then pulled into a Wimpy Bar to have a rubber bun, / The Day The World Turned Day-Glow, / The Day The World Turned Day-Glow, / The Day The World Turned Day-Glow, / Oh-oh!"

Teenage neurosis? Envisioned holocaust? Urban paranoia? You pays your money and you takes your choice.

If I've got to spend my life-span in the Modern World then I can't think of any band I'd rather have writing the soundtrack than X-Ray Spex.

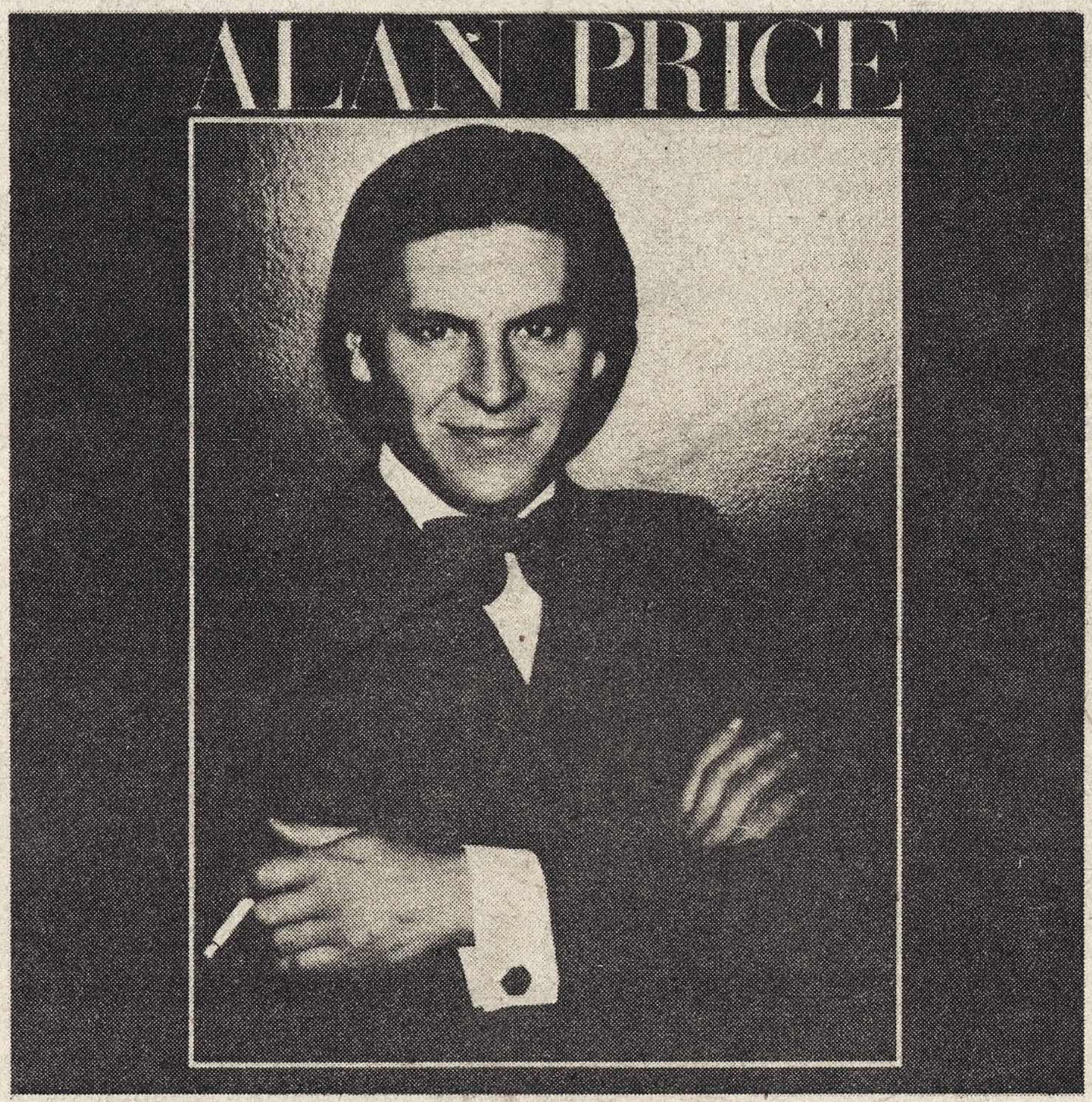
Alan Price

You remember him as an Animal.

You heard him as a Lucky Man.

On his new album you'll know him simply as

Alan Price



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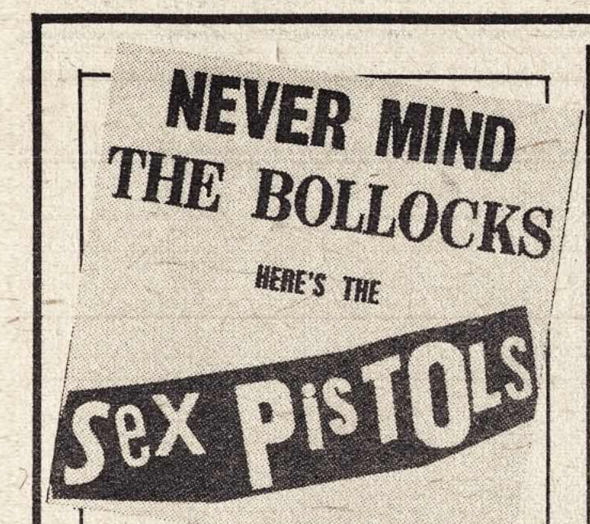


ALBUMS

THE SEX PISTOLS
Never Mind The Bollocks, Here's The Sex Pistols (Virgin)
SPUNK
Spunk (Blank)

WHAT ARE YOU waiting for? True love, school to end, Third World / civil war, more wars in the Third World, a leader, the commandos to storm the next aeroplane, next week's *NME*, The Revolution?

THE SEX Pistols album!

Hail, hail, rock and roll, deliver them from evil but lead them not into temptation. Keep them quiet / off the street / content.

Hey punk! You wanna elpee-sized "Anarchy" single? You wanna original "Anarchy" in a black bag? You wanna bootleg album? You wanna collect butterflies? Very fulfilling, collecting things . . . very satisfying. Keep you satisfied, make you satiated, make you fat and old, queueing for the rock and roll show.

The Sex Pistols. They could have dreamed up the name and died. The hysterical equation society makes of love / a gun = power / crime shoved down its own throat, rubbed in its own face. See, I'm just as repressed and contaminated as the next guy. And I like The Sex Pistols. Aesthetically, apart from anything else. Three of them are very good-looking. And the sound of the band goes . . .

"I don't wanna holiday in the sun / I wanna go in the city / There's a thousand things I wanna say to you . . ."

All very Weller, but is this a Jagger I see before me? No, it's the singles, all four of them — "Anarchy In The U.K.", "God Save The Queen", "Pretty Vacant" and "Holidays In The Sun" — constituting one third (weigh it) of the vinyl. Of course, there are other great songs.

This is no first-round knock-out. This is no Clash attending the CBS Convention; no Jam voting Conservative; no Damned fucking an American girl with a Fender bass; no Stranglers distorting Trotsky and Lenin for their own cunt-hating, bully-boy ends.

No, this is The Sex Pistols. The band which (so I'm told — I wasn't there in the beginning) *started it all.*

Great songs like "Submission", a numb-nostrilled "Venus In Furs" / "Penetration" / "I Wanna Be Your Dog", in form hypnotic, in content writhing. Pain through a dull, passive haze. Is that a whip in your hand or are you abnormal?

"Submission / Going down, down, dragging her down / Submission / I can't tell you what I've found." Smack? Geeks? What's the mystery and who grew up on The New York Dolls? Dogs yelp as the drill continues. Most unhealthy and ya like it like that? Well, it grows on you. A bit like a cancer.

Great songs like "No Feelings": *"I got no emotion for anybody else / You better understand I'm in love with myself / My self / My beautiful self."* Ah, solipsism rules, as Tony Parsons used to say before he got wise. Good dance tune, anyway, while "Problems" says it all: *"Bet you thought you had it all worked out / Bet you thought you knew what I was about / Bet you thought you'd solved all your problems / but YOU are the problem."*

Whatcha gonna do? Vegetate? Listen to The Sex Pistols album? Great songs gone, ineffectual flicks of the wrist like "New York", which probably has David JoHansen quaking in his heels, and "E.M.I." — you guessed it, they're bitching.

"You're only twentynine / You gotta lot to learn." In spite of this inspired opening, "Seventeen" rambles a little and the guitars do go on a bit. *"I just speed / That's all I need."*

Whaddya think of it so far? Well, I've saved the best bit for you to linger over. You've already heard two songs the band co-wrote with Sid Vicious (as opposed to Glen Matlock, The True Pop Kid): "E.M.I." and "Holidays In The Sun". Here's the third. It's called "Bodies".

"She was a girl from Birmingham / She had just had an abortion / She was a case of obscenity / Her name was Pauline, she lived in a tree / She was a no one who killed her baby / She was an animal / She was a bloody disgrace / Bodies / I'm not an animal / Bodies / I'm not an animal / Dragged on a table in a factory / An illegitimate place to be / In a packet in a lavatory / Died in a baby screaming / Bodies / Screaming fucking bloody mad / Not an animal / It's an abortion / Bodies / I'm not an animal / Mummy / I'm not an abortion / Look at it squirm / Gurgling bloody mess / I'm not a discharge / She don't want a baby who looks like that / I don't want a baby who looks like that / I'm not an animal / I'm not an animal / I'm not an animal / Mummy."

What? Good God. Was I shocked! Did I jump! Is that what they wanted, to shock people? Smart boys. Do they *mean* it? Is it satire of the most dubious kind? Did John's Catholic schooling leave its mark? I don't know where "Bodies" is coming from and it scares me. It's obviously a gutter view of sex / dirt / blood / reproduction and if the song is an attack on such a mentality it's admirable.

But, as with "Holidays In The Sun", Rotten never allows himself to make a moral judgment and, going by things he's said, he seems refreshingly capable of making them. I wish he would. I wish he would say that East Germany is presently organising itself better than West Germany — or vice versa, if that's what he believes. I wish The Sex Pistols had said in "Bodies" that women should not be forced to undergo such savagery, especially within a "Welfare" State.

I'm sick of unlimited tolerance and objectivity, because it leads to annihilation. I wish everyone would quit sitting on the fence in the middle of the road. I think "Bodies" will be open to much misinterpretation and that to issue it was grossly irresponsible.

Many of these songs (under new names) also crop up on their bootleg album — plus "Satellite", in which The Pistols give the finger to the provinces, and "Just Me" which has a non-existent tune and frightening words: *"You wanna be me / Didn't I fool you?"* The singing is done with much less expertise, Rotten sounding sick to death. It's a much better record.

I don't really know anything about music but The Sex Pistols seem to play as well as anyone I've heard, and I've heard Jimi Hendrix and Pete Townshend records. I never knew what was meant by "guitar hero" — it sounds like the kind of phrase a mental retard might mouth. "Guitar hero" — you mean as in "war hero", that kind of thing?

Why should anyone wish to play more usefully than Steve Jones, or drum more elaborately than Paul Cook, or play better bass than Sid Vicious? What purpose could it serve to outdo them?

So what are The Sex Pistols? For the tabloids a welcome rest from nubiles (sex and violence in their name alone and drugs too, if you count Rotten's speed dalliance); for the dilletantes, a new diversion (*Ritz* has a monthly punk column); for the promoters, a new product to push; for the parents, a new excuse; for the kids, a new way (in the tradition of the Boy Scouts, the terraces and One-Up-Man-Ship) in which to dissipate their precious energy.

Johnny Rotten, Oliver Twist of this generation: "I wanna some MORE, Malcolm!"

Julie Burchill

Never mind The Sex Pistols—here's The Bollocks

● *More Anglo-Saxon fun over page.*

JOHNNY ROTTEN. Pix: DENNIS MORRIS

Doyen of doom meets teen tycoon . . .

LEONARD COHEN
Death Of A Ladies' Man (CBS)

THE SEPIA-TINTED cover of this album, Cohen's first since '74, is evocative of those old post-war Hollywood scandal sheets, peppered with indiscretions and papparazzi pics of middle-aged matinee idols in transit with casting-couch starlets.

If you believe everything you hear and read, Leonard Cohen has spent about a quarter of a century screwing anything that moves and then bemoaning such good fortune for fun and profit. Now at the age of 43, it would appear that putting himself about has prematurely taken both physical and spiritual toll. Excess may have blunted his blade but not his razor-sharp observations. "Death of A Ladies' Man" amounts to a confessional.

Phil Spector once boasted to me, "I don't make records, I make art!" And the teaming of The Tycoon Of Teen and The Doyen Of Doom has proved to be a masterful collaboration. This album really is the fruition of both artists being the right people, in the right place at precisely the right time.

Cohen's delivery has undergone a complete overhaul. As a singer, his limited range and lack of first-rate melodies had rendered his persona painfully stylized. His penchant for droning his poetry in a flat dispassionate monotone was capable of driving one to the verge of manic-depression.

For the very first time in his career, Leonard Cohen actually *sings!* Not only that, on a couple of cuts, the old roue positively rocks out. In many ways, parallels between "Death Of A Ladies' Man" and Bowie's "Low" and "Heroes" can be drawn: the artist intentionally striking a low yet insidious profile allowing the vocal track to be skilfully mounted like a gem in an ornate setting.

Having said that, don't assume that Spector has just pulled out his old blueprint, erected his omnipotent Wall Of Sound and given Cohen the task of trying to penetrate the sonic sheet as best he can. Spector has taken as much time over the vocals as he has the backing tracks. It's the empathy that exists between both artists that has proved to be of prime importance in the unqualified success of this often forboding experience.

Whereas, in the past, the voice was invariably just another instrument in Spector's masterplan, this time Spector uses it as the focal point of these melodramas. Furthermore, both performers, aware that their enviable reputations are really on the line have, to their credit, risen to the demands they impose on one another.

There's no conflict of interests. It's the sheer quality of the melody lines that gives Cohen's poetry the kind of kaleidoscopic backdrop that his previous albums often lacked. So while the orchestra plays, Cohen as cathartist enacts eight cameos that leave little doubt to the dilemmas that have comfronted him during his years away from the recording studio.

When you've exhausted every erotic permutation, what's left — love? Even Cohen seems a trifle too jaded for that, whilst his style of decadence is far too up-market for donning a grubby raincoat and loitering around the schoolyard. At the other extreme, his self-mortification hasn't as yet reached Snuff-Rock nihilism.

No, Cohen's preoccupations seem to concern themselves with sex by proxy or, on "Paper-Thin Hotel", the benefits of voyeurism.

"The walls of this hotel are paper-thin, last night I heard you making love with him/The struggle mouth to mouth and limb to limb, the grunt of unity when he came in/I stood there with my ear against the wall, I was not seized with jealousy at all/In fact a burden was lifted from my soul, I heard that love was out of my control".

Eat your heart out, Lou Reed! If "Paper Thin Hotel" makes subtle references to alleged impotence, then on "Iodine" there's no concealing the facts.

"You let me love you till I was a failure, your beauty on my bruise like iodine/I asked you if a man could be forgiven, and though I failed at love, was that a crime?/You said, don't worry darling, there are many ways a man can serve his time."

A hard road to travel, but Cohen isn't completely washed up. If he doesn't want to eavesdrop he can always get his jollies off with a spot of fantasy.

On "Memories" Spector sets up a surreal doo-wop backdrop and goads Cohen to bay at the moon about his misspent youth. When Cohen rises to the occasion, his ardour is without release. With Bob Dylan crooning vocal harmony "Don't Go Home With Your Hard-On" is one step removed from "Rainy Day Women" — as in the sheer exuberance of the horn-dominated instrumental track and a hook line of: *"But don't go home with your hard-on, it will only drive you insane/You can't shake it (or break it) with your Motown, you can't melt it down in the rain".*

The album does have its tender moments in "True Love Leaves No Traces" and "I Left A Woman Waiting", the latter being a dialogue set against a soulful melody, between old flames and a recrimination of having been ravaged by the weakness of the flesh. A classic song and one that Rod Stewart should seriously consider for a future album. "Fingerprints" on the other hand is a bizarro Spector shit-kicker complete with a wall of steel and slap.

This is an album of great maturity that has succeeded because a great deal time and talent have gone into its making. From performance right through to production, there are no weak links.

Roy Carr

Better badgers than another night with the boys

ROXY MUSIC
Greatest Hits (Polydor)

PROOF THAT he should have given birth to a chain of cinemas on his earnings, Bry presents us with this crumby Golden Disc sleeve — the easiest alternative to actually coming back to the island and spitting in each fan's eye.

"Don't want to learn about etiquette / From glossy magazines / Why should I try to talk correct?"

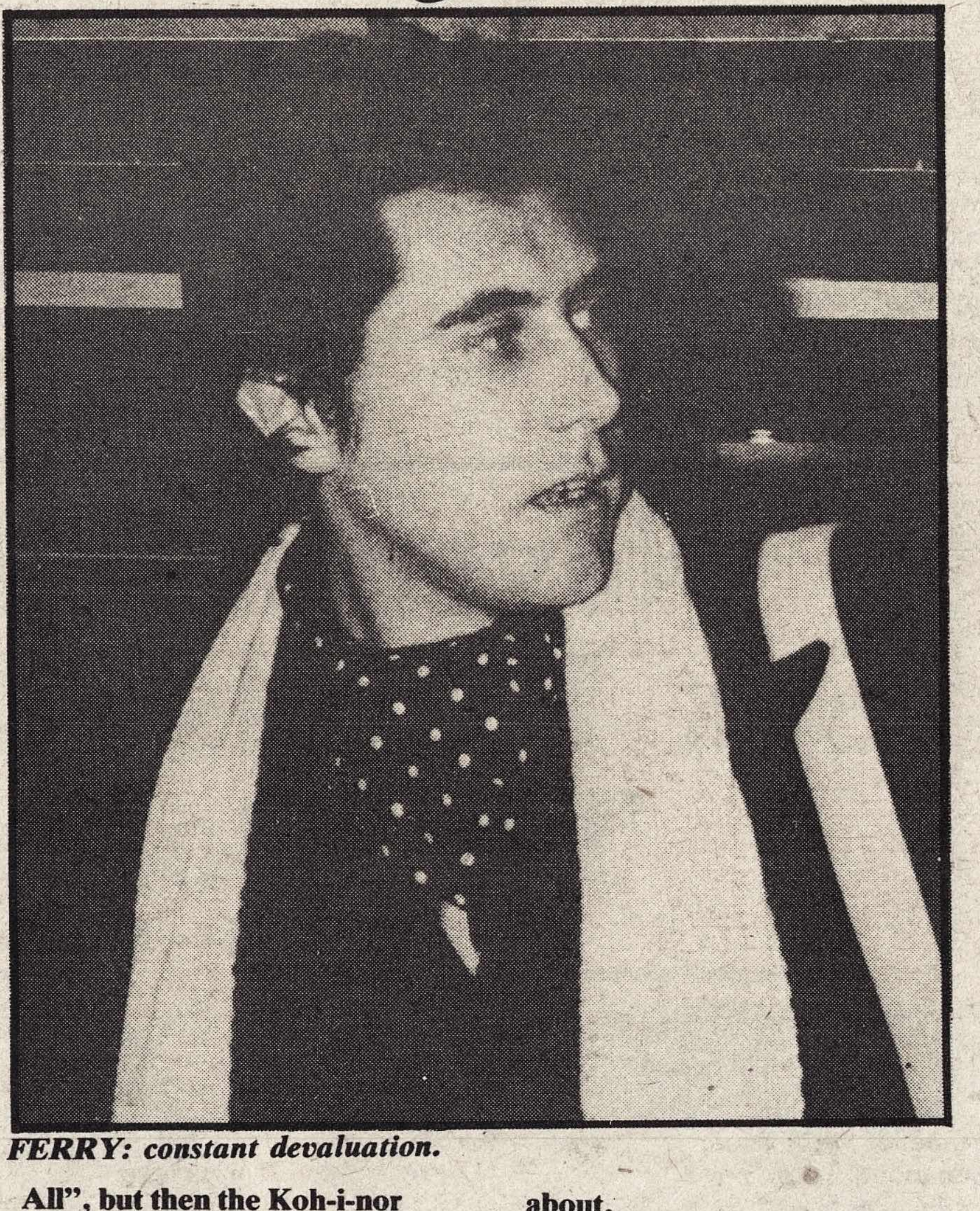
Trouble is, Ferry *DID* want desperately to talk correct, dress correct, go to the correct nightclubs, and have the correct (Kari Ann, Amanda, Jerry) girlfriends and live in correct Los Angeles.

"Canadian Club love / A place in the country / Everyone's ideal." **Your ideal, Bry, not mine — badgers wouldn't compensate at twice the price for just another night with the boys.**

Let it then be said that this is the best compilation *EVER.* The tracks include the jaded naivete of "Virginia Plain" and the saxophone-shrouded, ratpack-romp yearning of "Pyjamarama". From the albums there's the vicious, inimitable "Editions Of You" and the iced camaraderie of "Do The Strand" from the frozen fire of "For Your Pleasure".

Also present are the terrified, contemptuous "Street Life", the over-wrought irony of "Song For Europe", and the once-in-nine-lifetimes casting-couch routine of "Mother Of Pearl" from the claustrophobic heat of "Stranded", the off-hand drama of "The Thrill Of It All", the obsessional fumbling of "All I Want Is You", the delicate fey-wry "Out Of The Blue" from the bitter fling of "Country Life" and the addictive disco disease of "Love Is The Drug" from the white flag of "Siren".

"Casanova", "Prairie Rose" and "Both Ends Burning" might have replaced "Out Of The Blue", "A Song For Europe" and "The Thrill Of It All", but then the Koh-i-nor always seemed like just another bit of broken glass to me.



FERRY: constant devaluation.

As a Warhol acolyte, obsessed with IMAGES and HOW MUCH PEOPLE WILL SWALLOW WITHOUT CHOKING, Ferry's main unpleasantness was that of most essentially worthless people — making the assumption that therefore all others are worthless and treating them as such. Dragging down as opposed to aspiring to. Thus Ferry's constant devaluation of everything he handles: *"You're so sheer / You're so chic / Teenage rebel of the week". . . "Love me / Leave me / Do what you will" . . . "I say go / She say yes / Dim the lights / You can guess the rest" . . . "Don't want to hear about one-night stands / Cut-price souvenirs".*

Glib superficiality is a very tempting quagmire in which to wallow (I do it more than most) but finally it must be rejected if any improvement in individuals / society is to come about.

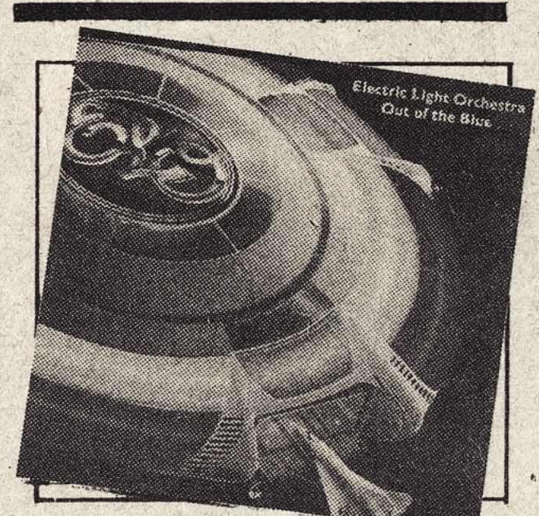
In Modern Times the Modern Way — the songs Ferry sings are for the fashion crowd posthumously portrayed by *Ritz* newspaper, a set of people who so need to prove they're having fun that they take pictures of each other talking / laughing / smiling and sell it on the streets.

Even paranoids are pathetic. Not so long ago I believed that these were the greatest songs that could be written in the world as it is, but now I see how much they indulged themselves. Despair. Things were different in 1973.

This music is a precious relic, not relevant anymore. But at their best Roxy Music were better than David Bowie, than The Supremes, than The Doors, than The Sex Pistols, than anyone I imagine I will ever hear.

As the last thought of the record goes: *"You may be stranded if you stick around / And that's really something . . ."*

Julie Burchill



ELO
Out Of The Blue (Jet)

WHY DOES the female praying mantis eat her male partner after orgasm? Why do the Italians slaughter so many song birds each shooting season? Why do Jeff Lynne and Electric Light Orchestra sell so many albums?

So "Out Of The Blue" is Lynne's idea of music, art, entertainment, which or whatever. Well, it's not mine and Lord knows, I'm nowhere nearer to stumbling on the (or any) secret of Lynne's success after spinning this new double deluxe studio album than I was before tearing off the shrink wrap and throwing away the cardboard cutout ELO logo (sorry, registered trademark — business *is* business).

ELO, originally conceived by Roy Wood and Lynne of The Move as taking rock and strings on from where The Beatles' "I Am The Walrus" left off, was soon swaddled in shining new wraps as Wood departed for Wizzard and Lynne assumed the mantle of undisputed leadership. Now, several years and endless tours later, ELO ship units by the megaton, harvesting platinum discs the western world over.

So what you got? For starters, an absurd cover concept: ELO as The Mothership, an immense saucer womb manned by Lynne and band tracking the cosmic wastes — nothing much to do with the album's innards save for a vague reference in "Jungle", but doubtless everything to do with ELO's extravagant stage visuals.

Then what? Search me. Lynne is obviously ELO's *sine qua non,* crucial to their continued success. He writes all the material, produces and arranges everything except the orchestrations. And the only reason I can see for Lynne having the lyrics to his 16 new songs printed on the inner bags is that otherwise you wouldn't be catching the gist of half of them.

Not that you'd miss much; Lynne's words are sweet nothings, automatic writing and rhyming as in *"I have waited for your love for so long, how do I go on, I have told you so many times, it's no good, you're treatin' me so wrong"* — just one among countless examples of the appalling banality peddled here in the guise of astute insight into the human condition or something similar.

As it is Lynne's production and, it says here, Mack's 1,127 hours of mixing only obscure what's left of his and ELO's frail, strained singing in a welter of studiosound miragery.

ELO have two cellists and one violinist aboard, all passing fine players on stage, none of whom make their presence felt on record. How could they give Lynne's predilection for squeezing massed orchestras and choirs onto every millimetre of tape track, for remorsely panning, phasing and Vocoding all and sundry from channel to channel?

Live ELO are compact if glibly professional big band but here everything — even Bev Bevan's neolithic drum load — is sweetened into evanescent soft focus, a meaningless density of frequencies manipulated (deftly to be sure) to give the minimum of offence, to fill the room with discreet, "occupational" noise. Nothing music to do nothing to.

Among the many devices Lynne enlists to divert attention from the insubstantiality of his own plagiarism (all those Lennon and McCartney toons recycled for the Nth time) are Roland Space Echoes, Shaffer Vega Diversify Systems, Eventide Harmonisers, MXR Flangers . . . need I go on?

Worse still, Lynne has recently taken to bolstering his songs with widescreen pretentions those same orchestral and choral fillips, the like of which even Queen might envy (more fool them).

And will the real Jeff Lynne stand up? No, it seems, since he's well happy to plough the same field until world's end. As for side three's "Concerto For A Rainy Day", four songs clotted together by overbearing neo-classicality; it's as much a concerto as you, me or my typewriter.

Yes, I find "Out Of The Blue" (even the album's title is lifted) inordinately depressing. Not because it's pessimistic in itself but simply because none of the songs — with the one exception of "Birmingham Blues" — display any awareness of anything approaching emotion, pain, passion or pleasure.

"Out Of The Blue" celebrates nothing but its own artifice. It will naturally sell the requisite billion and more. It scares me to the bone marrow.

Angus MacKinnon

BLUE OYSTER CULT
Spectres (CBS)

SINCE 1971 this band has been one of the few HM perpetrators worth listening to. Since 1974's "Secret Treaties" it has been the only one. If heavy metal was *leaden* then BOC were more like polished chrome.

Their lyrics were arcane in the extreme and often impenetrable, helping label BOC as the only intelligent heavy metal band.

Personally I thought BOC were pretty stupid, but fun. I liked the music and trappings because they were over the top in a very American way.

But when "Agents Of Fortune" came out though I could hardly believe my ears. BOC had unveiled music of stunning proportions; each song on "Agents" had more depth and detail than most bands achieve in whole albums. Musically too, BOC had moved to an altogether higher plane.

Relegating Sandy Pearlman to the role of producer, rather than lyricist and general overseer, and allowing the band members to come upfront put BOC one short step away from becoming a world class band.

It's obvious from "Spectres" that this is something of which they are acutely aware. Identifiable elements of "Reaper" are meticulously included. This is reflected in the cover as it hints at the supernatural, hidden knowledge and power from this same knowledge.

These themes, central to the "Reaper" storyline, are carried through many of the songs, as are those of the power of love and fatal female attraction. In "I Love The Night", for example, during a forlorn evening walk the protagonist meets a mysterious woman. Though it is never stated, she is a spectre. Like

"Reaper", the music has an eerie feel, it suggests the same subliminal yearning and surrender, with faint, breathy harmonies and a magical guitar sequence.

This is probably the most obvious instance, but the traces are also evident in "Nosferatu", "Celestial The

The Jam: Having roots is having none

THE JAM
This Is The Modern World
(Polydor)

SO THIS is the modern world. I'm glad they told me. For an instant I'd thought I'd been transported back to 1965. Flashback on flashback to The Who's "My Generation" album come fast and thick. So thick in fact that Ingrid looks up from what she's doing and enquires how come they don't do the job properly and sing falsetto Beach Boy harmonies.

On first listening I was going to be very objective and positive about this record. It's too easy to snipe at a piece of work like this. What the hell does it matter that it sounds like "My Generation"? Isn't "The Good's Gone" still right up there in my list of Great Mod Records of the Century? The very fact that this band has latched on to one of the best debut albums of twelve years ago and co-opted its style should really be a plus in itself.

And then I hear Paul Weller telling me, in the last verse of the title cut, that he doesn't "give two fucks" about my review. Well, what the hell? The line between being objective and encouraging and just plain bloody patronising is very thin.

If Paul Weller doesn't want to know, why should I bother wrestling with the problem? He doesn't need me to tell him that The Jam are playing excellent, streamlined rock and roll. He also won't want me to point out that the production by Vic Smith and Chris Parry is well on the thin side, that some of the riffs, don't stand up to the amount of repetition that they are subjected to, and that after a couple of tracks the vocals do lean towards the monotonous.

Maybe I should just put down some points that have been bothering me for some time. I guess the strongest one is where exactly the new wave get off with the claim that they have no knowledge of anything that happened more than eighteen months ago. You can't call someone like Pete Townshend a geriatric scumbag in one breath and then load all his early work onto a supermarket trolley and scuttle off to dissect it, rechannel it and pass it off as your own.

More Anglo-Saxon fun . . .

That's probably my worst quarrel with the whole movement. There's a streak of elitist, exclusive, enclosed ignorance that's just plain unhealthy. "Every other generation screwed up so nobody can tell us nothing, okay?" has become too much of a favoured cry. Okay, fine, work it out for yourselves if that's the way you want to play it, only don't make it so bleeding obvious that you're ducking back into the closet for an earful of The Who (or The Yardbirds, The Doors, The MC5 or whoever).

A culture that denies its roots must finally sicken. The roots are, after all, the main providers of nourishment. Pretending they don't exist only stunts growth. It stops any further investigation of what went down before. If you claim you don't listen to The Who, all you're doing is cutting yourself off from the riches that still can be found in the music of Howlin' Wolf, the Dovells and Robert Johnson.

Refusing to tap this vast organic data bank can only produce a creative short circuit. Without inputs the same idea circles continuously, mutating, distorting, but never really getting anywhere. It's like a kind of artistic amphetamine psychosis.

Maybe it's not quite fair to launch into this diatribe in what after all started out as a review of the Jam's second album. The band isn't any way as guilty of this attitude as a whole lot of their contemporaries. Including Wilson Pickett's classic "Midnight Hour" is a pretty significant acknowledgement of the debt they owe the original mods.

What the Jam do have in common with the rest of the British new wave is a kind of sullen gut level nihilism. The line from "In The Street Today" ***"It's all so sickening, and we're so satisfied"*****, may be intended as heavy irony, but it also tends to sum up the chic, now attitude. With the exception of The Clash, positivism is so dreadfully uncool.**

So if you're satisfied, quit bitching about things. If it's sickening then why not get angry enough to overcome the fashionable inertia? Powerlessness is as much an illusion as anything else. (He'll be yelling seize the time in a minute — watch it.) It also blunts the edge of what should be energetic young music and causes a pall of dreariness partically to obscure a lot of crisp, fresh, stylish rock and roll.

What's that? You want more details about the album? Well, time seems to have run out on us, folks. Still, I doubt anything I could say would add to or detract from its obvious status as a hot item, buywise.

So roll the commercials.

Mick Farren

Hidden virtues of singalonga Freddie

QUEEN
News Of The World
(EMI)

VOLUME SIX of "Singalonga Freddie" turns out to be a good deal less limp than the current hit single might suggest.

Unhappily, the first two tracks are the songs on the single, "We Will Rock You" and "We Are The Champions", with May and Mercury evidently vying with each other to outdo Rod Stewart's "Sailor" and create new anthems for chucking-out time.

Once they're out of the way, though, the album starts to sound in better shape, with a great Roger Taylor song "Sheer Heart Attack", which has little relation to the album of the same name. Instead, it's exactly the sort of mutant cross between heavy metal and shrill vocals that initially made Queen's reputation. What's more it rips out of the speakers in a way that makes "Communication Breakdown" sound broken down.

Taylor also provides some further impressive heavy metal pop with "Fight From The Inside". He's recently embarked on a parallel solo career, and with material of this quality it's a move that seems entirely worthwhile.

In fact, the most remarkable aspect of the album is the way that Freddie's sidemen are increasingly usurping him. Mercury has only three songs on the set, compared with four from May, and two each from Taylor and Deacon.

Mercury's "Get Down, Make Love", which opens the second side, is yet another ponderous chant in the "Champions" style, and seems to indicate a new direction. Maybe Freddie wants to be a hard rock answer to Donna Summer. One consequence of his diminished song-writing role is that his tendency towards baroque operatic vocals is kept under control. Equally, there's no sign of those twee '30s pastiches.

"My Melancholy Blues" is his third song here, and it's one of the most successful he's written. It's somewhat less heavily mannered than usual and almost manages to convey genuine emotion.

Meanwhile, Brian May's writing talents continue to evolve. "All Dead, All Dead" is as poignant as Queen have ever got, and is a far remove from the jolly choruses that have previously been May's forte. Even more substantial is May's "It's Late", the album's epic song, which is notable more for the boldness of its theme than for any musical extravagance. It depicts three phases of a relationship with an unremitting bleakness that's once again at odds with expectations.

His lightest song "Sleeping On The Sidewalk" sounds like a weird mixture of Elmore James and J. J. Cale. Only its theme, the lot of the suffering musician, is in the least predictable.

As for John Deacon's songs, "Who Needs You" is an amiable, lightweight reggae tune, but "Spread Your Wings" is a wallowing ballad that displays traces of Mercury poisoning.

The album's overall impression is of four individuals hard pressed to stay together. Each musician clearly has a different creative ambition and this is reflected in the diversity of the material. At times, this pursuit of various styles produces some interesting contrasts. At others, it just seems downright bizarre.

In many ways, this is the most intriguing Queen album since their finest, "Sheer Heart Attack". Whether all the obvious tension within the band will spur them on to greater things, or simply pull them apart remains to be seen.

Bob Edmands

Queen", "Death Valley Night" and "Fireworks".

However the assimilation of "Reaper" into the Cult mainstream has been achieved without sacrificing their previous qualities. "Golden Age Of Leather" and "R U Ready 2 Rock" come on like the work of madmen let loose with the best hard-railed HM sound in existence. The former is a bikers' lament for that one last ride, the latter a Pearlman special that could be as straightforward as the title, but probably isn't.

Each song is a small masterpiece of form and composition. The Cult deploy their armour throughout with a tacit understanding that they are playing songs and not merely numbers with riffs. Because of this *and* the Pearlman / Krugman production, the music takes on an almost cinematic quality. Each song is a sketch, atmospheric and colourful. This is most evident on "Nosferatu". A chilling, sublime song that evokes Dark Age Europe and forgotten ritual.

"Spectres" is more adventurous than "Agents". The notable surprises are "Godzilla", about, naturally, a rampaging monster and close to Dictators territory, and "Goin' Through The Motions" (co-written by one Ian Hunter), fine, tight pop with grandiose synthesiser, power chords and a wry lyric — how can you sing *"we're going through the motions"* and mean it/ Otherwise, the difference in one of tone.

Lyrically "Spectres" is a twilit world; the music is therefore more cerebral. BOC have weaved melody and texture into their music to an even greater degree. The result is like the difference between mere crushed carbon and the cut diamond. "Spectres" has no flaws.

Paul Rambali

ERIC CLAPTON
Slowhand (RSO)

OUTSIDE of Cream, the only Eric Clapton album in my possession is the wonderful old Decca cheapo, "Blues World Of . . ." And it's going to stay that way.

What was once an affectionate nickname ironically recognising Clapton's supremacy in the Guitar Hero stakes has now been belatedly adopted as the title for the latest in a series of lacklustre RSO recordings. And lacklustre really is being kind on "Slowhand" — album, man and musicians.

Good bits first, naughty bits second. Both the adequate songs (all two of 'em!) appear on side two, by which time you've come to the conclusion that "Slowhand" is one to lie down and avoid. "The Core", co-written by Eric and Marcy Levy, is bolstered no end by Mel Collins' guesting on sax. Clapton and Levy share swap-verse lead vocals over chug-a-lug riffing, and things really get cooking when EC's loping guitar joins the fray on an extended break. But ultimately, "The Core" is allowed to overstay its welcome (dispense more discipline Mr Johns, producer to the stars), and by the time Dick Sims starts doodling away on keyboards, not even Collins' abrasively frenetic work can sustain attention.

The other halfway decent track is the uncredited "Mean Old Frisco Blues" (it's alright, ma, I'm only avoiding royalties), a busy honky-tonk barroom piece which is fine if you drift with the spunky piano, spicey bottleneck and dirty lowdown gee-tar.

The rest is almost too dreadful to contemplate, so hold your nose, here we go . . .

The lethargic version of "Cocaine", opening, is dispirited enough to make J. J. Cale's original seem positively Ramonesish. "Wonderful Tonight", following, is the first of two Clapton soap-operatic originals (the other is "Next Time You See Her") on which he affects a mawkish catch-in-the-throat voice. Maudlin melodies and twee harmony vocals from the ladies complete the rout.

And what EC does to John Martyn's lovely, tart wish-you-well, "May You Never", is unforgiveable, a blancmangey mess with embarrassingly insipid vocals.

A turgid little instrumental, "Peaches And Diesel", winds up the album in an appropriately insubstantial manner. Mellow is the euphemism.

Dismal stuff. Come back Bernard Jenkins . . . please.

Monty Smith

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Saturday Nov 5th
OUT OF THE BLUE
Sunday Nov. 6th
CANIS MAJOR
Tuesday Nov 8th
NEBULA

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words words words words words words words words words words

WORDS (Barry Clarke) QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Sunday November 13th at 7.15pm

VAN DER GRAAF
GENERATOR
+ ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

Food *Bar*
Advance tickets from Queensway Box Office. Tel. 603326, F. L. Moore Records, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, Record Room St Albans, or on night
Thurs. Dec. 1st: John OTWAY + The Stukas

words words words words words words words words words words

COLCHESTER
Institute of Higher Education

SHEEPEN ROAD, COLCHESTER
Students Union presents
Friday October 21st at 8pm

BUZZCOCKS

+ ACCIDENTS + JOHNNY SEVEN COMBO
S.U. members 80p, guests £1.00

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE — Mile End Road, E.1 Tel: 01-980 1240

Saturday November 5th
Rag Ball with the

KURSAAL FLYERS
+ S.A.L.T.

Tickets £1.50 in advance, £2.00 on the door
Doors open 7.30 p.m.
Nearest tubes: Mile End and Stepney Green

HASTINGS PIER PAVILION
Saturday November 12th

THE CLASH

+ RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
+ Special Guests
Doors open 7pm

Tickets £2.00 in advance £2.50 on door
Coaches available from London & Brighton £1.25 return
All enquiries tel. Brighton 739067

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday Nov. 2nd £1.00
NO DICE
+ ROGER THE CAT
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm.

Thursday Nov. 3rd £1.50
PACIFIC EARDRUM
+ SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND

Friday Nov. 4th £1.50
MUNGO JERRY
+ TUSH

Saturday Nov. 5th £2.00
FUMBLE
+ GLEN PHILLIPS

Monday Nov. 7th £1.00
PLUMMET AIRLINES
+ Support
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm.

Tuesday Nov. 8th £1.00
KRAZY KAT
+ INSIDE OUT
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Wednesday Nov. 9th £1.00
WARREN HARRY
+ Support
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Monday Nov. 14th Tuesday Nov. 15th
Only London Appearance
RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
+ SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES + NEO
Advance tickets £1.50 each

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

SHEER UNLIMITED ENTERTAINMENTS
40 CHAPEL ST., ELY, CAMBS.
TELEPHONE: ELY (STD 0353) 4721

SUNDAY NOV. 6th at 7.30 p.m.

Chelmsford Chancellor Hall

THE DAMNED (playing for free) + 999

Advance tickets 90p from Box Office or by post from Sheer Unlimited Ents

THEY HAVE CLOSED DOWN BLIMPS IN CAMBRIDGE, SORRY!!

HOPE & ANCHOR

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday November 3rd 75p
BEES MAKE HONEY
Friday November 4th £1.00
DIRE STRAIGHTS
Saturday November 5th £1.00
KRAZY KAT
Sunday November 6th
HOT BANANAS
Monday November 7th 75p
NEW HEARTS
Tuesday November 8th
THE PLEASERS

VORTEX

AT CRACKERS 203 WARDOUR ST. LONDON W.1.
Every Mon & Tues 8.30pm till 2am

Monday November 7th
THE MANIACS
BAZOOKA JOE
THE MONOTONES JETZ
D.J. Nic Lee
Admission £1.00

Tuesday November 8th
THE REZILLOS
TANYA HYDE & THE TORMENTORS
MENACE THE BAZOOMIES
D.J. Jerry Floyd
Admission £1.00

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1.
THURSDAY 17th NOVEMBER at 7.30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE ADVERTS
THE DOCTORS OF MADNESS
JOHNNY MOPED

ADMISSION £1.90 (INC VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE. TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTSBURY AVE. W1 TEL 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

RAPED

+ DISTURBED
Wednesday Nov. 9th
8.30—11
MAN IN THE MOON,
Kings Road
50p. Be there or be where?

BRIAN B wishes to apologise to all advertisers whose ads have been omitted owing to a problem at our printers.

LSE ENTS
OLD THEATRE
LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
HOUGHTON ST.
ALDWYCH WC2
Tubes: HOLBORN/TEMPLE
LSE ENTS presents
FIREWORK FREAKSHOW
on the FLOATING ANARCHY TOUR
Saturday November 5th at 8 pm
DAEVID ALLEN
+ PLANET GONG
+ VINCENT CRANE & FRIENDS
Late Real Ale Bar Pizzas & Hamburgers
Floating "Sounds" + Surprises
Saturday November 12th at 7.45
NEIL ARDLEY
+ GUESTS
Tickets for both concerts £1.00 in advance from L.S.E. Union Shop and Theatre Bookings or £1.20 on door

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1.
SUNDAY 20th NOVEMBER at 5.30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
PAT TRAVERS BAND
STRAY
NO DICE
ADMISSION £1.90 (INC VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE. TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTSBURY AVE., W.1. TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR.

Endale Associates present in association with Bernard Rhodes
Monday November 14th
at the Music Machine, Camden Town
RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
THE LO'S
NEO
Sounds from Don Letts
Advance tickets from The Music Machine £1.50 incl. VAT
Enquiries: 01-387 0438/9

THE ROUND HOUSE, Chalk Farm Road, NW1
Thursday 10th November
NATIONAL HEALTH
+ TURNING POINT
Tickets £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 from Round House Box Office, Chalk Farm Road, London, NW1 (Tel. 01-267 2564) 10 am to 8 pm
A Jazz Centre Society/L.B. of Camden Presentation

words words words words words words words words words words
WORDS (Barry Clarke) City Hall St. Albans
Tuesday November 8th at 7.45 pm
WRIST & SPOUT WITH
THE FABULOUS POODLES
+ BUSTER JAMES BAND
Mary Jane disco — bar — food
Advance tickets £1 (inc. VAT) from box office Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel 64511 or £1.20 (inc VAT) on door
Tues Nov 29th DARTS & AMAZORBLADES
words words words words words words words words words words

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARLY
Open to non-members till 11pm
SPEAKEASY
Open till late
Thursday Nov. 3rd
ALFALPHA
Friday Nov. 4th
NEO
Saturday Nov. 5th
LOUISIANA RED
+ Tequila Brown Blues Band
Monday Nov. 7th
Lightning Raiders
Tuesday Nov. 8th
Pekoe Orange
Wednesday Nov. 9th
Amazorblades
Thursday Nov. 10th
FLYING ACES
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

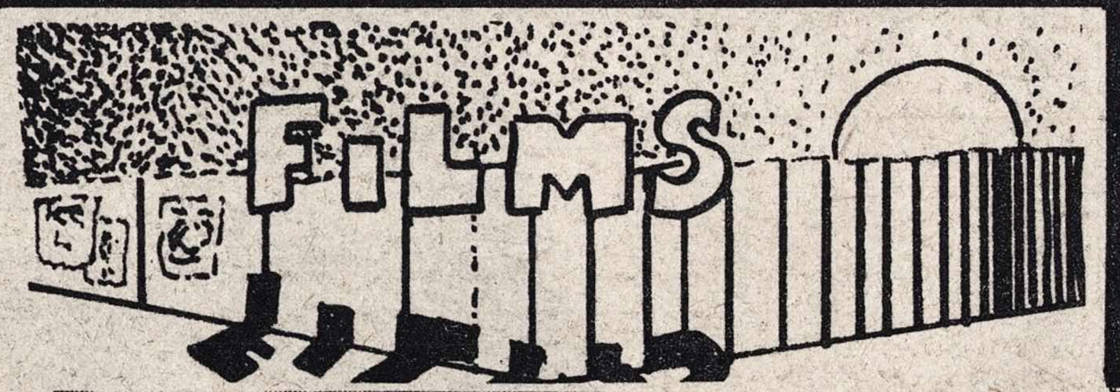
BULLETS
Nov
1 KEIGHLEY Nikkers
2 LIVERPOOL Sportsman
3 LEEDS Fforde Grene Hotel
4 EGREMONT Tow Bar
5 BLACKPOOL Norbreck Castle
6 STALYBRIDGE Commercial Hotel
12 HATTON Clive's
14 ABERTILLERY Rose
15 CARDIFF Great Western Hotel
16 MOUNTAIN ASH Palace Ballroom
17 LLANHARRAN British Legion
20 WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette
26 CLIFTONVILLE High Cliff
30 KEELE University
Dec
2 BIRMINGHAM West Hill College
3 BEDFORD College of Education
021-236 3978

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday November 19th
SPLIT ENZ + Angelico

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THIRD WORLD
RICO
STEEL PULSE
ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM
N.W.1.
SATURDAY 19th NOVEMBER at 7.30
ADMISSION £1.90 (INC VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE. TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTSBURY AVE., W.1. TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE
Prince Consort Road, SW7
Saturday November 5th at 8 p.m. in the Union Concert Hall
THE
TYLA GANG
+ T.H.E. + Disco & Bar
Forthcoming events:
Sat. Nov. 12th £1.00
THE ENID + Support
Sat. Nov. 19th 75p
X.T.C. + Rumble Strips
Advance tickets from Ents Tickets, I.C. Union, Prince Consort Road, S.W.7

University of Essex Ents presents
STIFF'S GREATEST STIFF'S TOUR
featuring
ELVIS COSTELLO NICK LOWE
WRECKLESS ERIC IAN DURY
LARRY WALLIS
Thursday November 3rd
Tickets £1.30 from S.U. & Parrot Records
Bar Members & Guests Late Music
Doors open 8.30pm



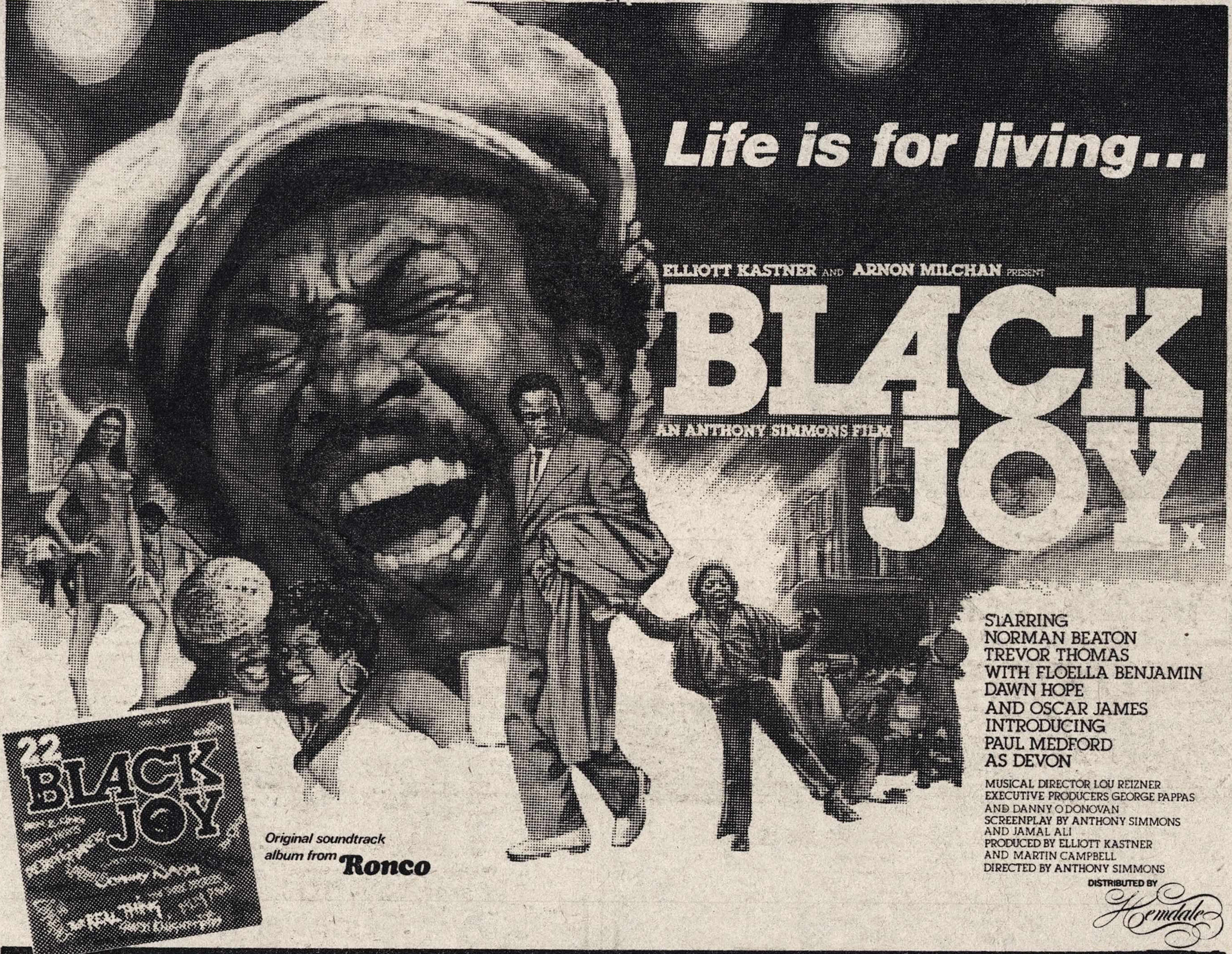
MEL BUSH PRESENTS
CHRIS SPEDDING
PLUS NEW HEARTS
LYCEUM BALLROOM, STRAND
FRI, 4 NOV — 8 pm
Tkts: £2.00 available Lyceum Box Office. Tel. 01-836 3715
Also: London Theatre Bookings 01-439-3371 and Premier Box Office 01-240-2245

KINGHAM HALL, St Johns Road, Watford
Saturday November 5th at 7.30 pm
THE MODELS
+ THE NASS + THE BEARS + GUESTS
Admission £1.00

North East London Poly S.U. Fancy Dress
HALLOWEEN BALL
FRIDAY NOV. 4th
with
ROOGALATOR and STUKAS
Punch 'n Judy, Cartoons, Various Comps
Bar to Midnight
Fancy Dress 60p, S.U. 75p, Guests £1.00
Livingstone Hse., Livingstone Rd., Stratford, E.15
Tube: Stratford. Buses: 10, 25, 86, 108
Next Fri. George Hatcher Band + Support

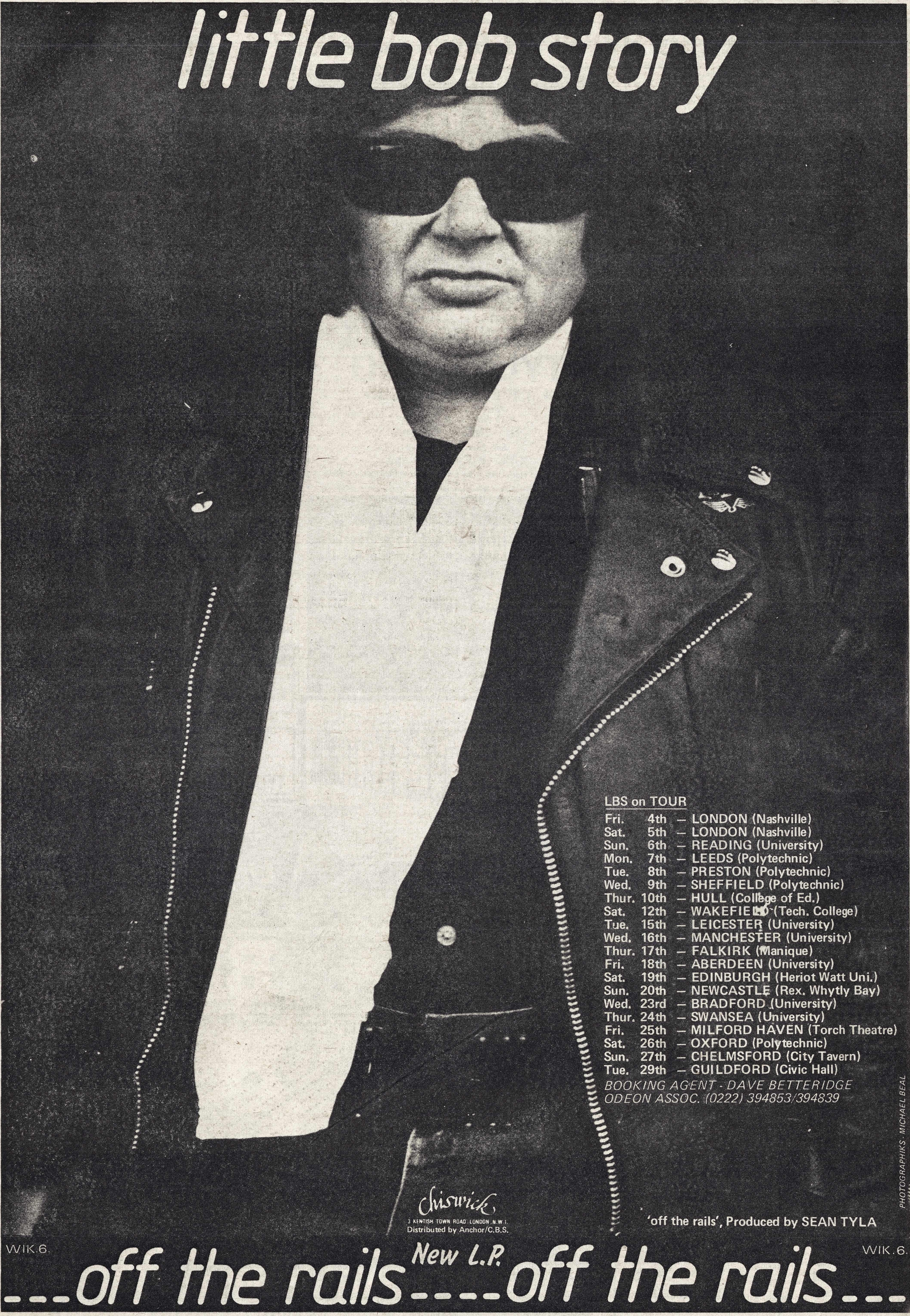
THE ROCK CLUB NEW WRITTLE ST., CHELMSFORD
Thurs Nov. 3, 8-11pm 80p **PLANET GONG**
Sun. Nov. 6, 8-11pm 40p **THE WINDERS**

ST MARY'S COLLEGE
Waldergrove Road, Twickenham
Middx. Tel. 01-892 0051
Wednesday Nov 9th TYLA GANG + Disco
Wednesday Nov 16th THE MOVIES + Disco



STARRING
NORMAN BEATON
TREVOR THOMAS
WITH FLOELLA BENJAMIN
DAWN HOPE
AND OSCAR JAMES
INTRODUCING
PAUL MEDFORD
AS DEVON
MUSICAL DIRECTOR LOU REIZNER
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS GEORGE PAPPAS AND DANNY O'DONOVAN
SCREENPLAY BY ANTHONY SIMMONS AND JAMAL ALI
PRODUCED BY ELLIOTT KASTNER AND MARTIN CAMPBELL
DIRECTED BY ANTHONY SIMMONS
DISTRIBUTED BY Hemdale

FROM NOV. 3rd.
PLAZA 2
LOWER REGENT STREET
Tel. 437 1234
ALL OVER LONDON at ODEON
and selected cinemas from SUN. NOV. 6th


little bob story
LBS on TOUR
Fri. 4th – LONDON (Nashville)
Sat. 5th – LONDON (Nashville)
Sun. 6th – READING (University)
Mon. 7th – LEEDS (Polytechnic)
Tue. 8th – PRESTON (Polytechnic)
Wed. 9th – SHEFFIELD (Polytechnic)
Thur. 10th – HULL (College of Ed.)
Sat. 12th – WAKEFIELD (Tech. College)
Tue. 15th – LEICESTER (University)
Wed. 16th – MANCHESTER (University)
Thur. 17th – FALKIRK (Manique)
Fri. 18th – ABERDEEN (University)
Sat. 19th – EDINBURGH (Heriot Watt Uni.)
Sun. 20th – NEWCASTLE (Rex, Whytly Bay)
Wed. 23rd – BRADFORD (University)
Thur. 24th – SWANSEA (University)
Fri. 25th – MILFORD HAVEN (Torch Theatre)
Sat. 26th – OXFORD (Polytechnic)
Sun. 27th – CHELMSFORD (City Tavern)
Tue. 29th – GUILDFORD (Civic Hall)
BOOKING AGENT - DAVE BETTERIDGE
ODEON ASSOC. (0222) 394853/394839
PHOTOGRAPHIKS · MICHAEL BEAL
Chiswick
3 KENTISH TOWN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.
Distributed by Anchor/C.B.S.
'off the rails', Produced by SEAN TYLA
WIK.6.
WIK.6.
New L.P.
---off the rails----off the rails---

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Due to circumstances beyond our control, we're short of space this week, and our full Gig Guide service has had to be curtailed. Instead, we feature an editorial selection of recommended gigs during the coming seven days.

More tours: biggest batch yet

The week's big one-off event is ELTON JOHN's charity concert at Wembley Empire Pool tonight (Thursday), but there's a whole clutch of new tours opening, and these are the details:

● KENNY ROGERS does the rounds at Belfast (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), London (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Cardiff (Monday). And his special guest is fast-rising country artist Crystal Gayle.

● JOHN MARTYN starts his 19-venue trek at St. Andrew's (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday) and Hull (Sunday).

● BARBARA DICKSON, now fully established as a concert attraction, opens her tour at St. Helens (Friday), Leicester (Saturday), Southampton (Sunday), Bristol (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday).

● SPLIT ENZ return from their triumphs Down Under to kick off a headlining jaunt at Birmingham (Friday and Saturday) and Plymouth (Monday).

● SANDY DENNY undertakes one of her rare concert outings, backed by many familiar names under the guise of "Friends", starting at London (Sunday) and Brighton (Tuesday).

● THE TUBES arrive for their long-awaited debut tour, and are bound to provoke plenty of controversy when they begin their jaunt at Newcastle (Sunday) and Manchester (Monday).

● THE CHIEFTAINS are bound to attract capacity houses when they set out on the trail again at Norwich (Sunday), Portsmouth (Monday) and Croydon (Tuesday).

● THE RUNAWAYS get their British tour under way, following gigs in Ireland and Europe, when they play Sheffield (Monday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). Support is 999.

● GRAHAM PARKER and the Rumour, one of the hottest attractions of the moment, open their eagerly-awaited tour at Aberdeen (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday), supported by American band Clover.

● Other tours starting this week are by LITTLE BOB STORY, DAEVID ALLEN and his band Planet Gong, FIVE HAND REEL and CLIFF RICHARD (concerts as opposed to his recent gospel series). See listings for details.

Thursday

ABERYSTWYTH Great Hall: THE DRIFTERS
BARROW Maxim's Disco: JENNY DARREN
BATH Viaduct Hotel: OSCAR
BEDFORD Nite Spot: ROOGALATOR
BELFAST Grosvenor Hall: KENNY ROGERS/CRYSTAL GALE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Ballroom: THE MOVIES
CANTERBURY College of Art: BUSTER CRABBE
CHATHAM Central Hall: FOUR TOPS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
CHELMSFORD Odeon: SLIM WHITMAN
COLCHESTER Essex University: ELVIS COSTELLO/NICK LOWE/IAN DURY/WRECKLESS ERIC/LARRY WALLIS
COVENTRY Mercers Arms: RENO
COVENTRY Mr. George's: TYLA GANG
COVENTRY Theatre: ROD McKUEN
COVENTRY Warwick University: CARAVAN
CYMMER Pioneer Club: FLYING ACES
DERBY King's Hall: THE CLASH/RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
DUNDEE Maryatt Hall: THE REZILLOS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: SMOKIE
EDINBURGH Assembly Rooms: IGNATZ
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
FALKIRK Maniquui: JOHNNY & THE SELF-ABUSERS
FIFE St. Andrew's University: JOHN MARTYN
GREENOCK Regency Lounge: CHOU PAHROT
HAVANT Jug o' Punch: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: BERNIE TORME
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: AMAZORBLADES
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE DARTS
HULL University: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: SCENE STEALER
LEEDS The 'F' Club: SHAM 69
LEEDS University: NEIL ARDLEY
LEICESTER Coalville Blooblo's: XTC
LEYLAND Civic Hall: BRIAN DEWHURST
LINCOLN Drill Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE STRANGLERS/DICTATORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JOAN ARMATRADING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RIFF RAFF
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: PROPAGANDA
LONDON HORNSEY College of Art: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BOYS/THE LURKERS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JAH WOOSH
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: ACME QUARTET
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CRUISERS/RESTLESS ROCKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE STUKAS
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELTON JOHN/CHINA
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: LANDSCAPE
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: DEPRESSIONS
NORWICH Arts Centre: THE ENID
NOTTINGHAM Palais: BURNING SPEAR
OXFORD Polytechnic: JIM CAPALDI
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: MAX BOYCE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
PRESTON Guildhall: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
PRESTON Polytechnic: PAT TRAVERS BAND
ROTHERHAM Windmill: RADIO STARS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: GARBO
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: BODY
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: YES/DONOVAN
SWANSEA University: THE ADVERTS
TEWKESBURY Roses Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
TORQUAY 400 Club: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
WIGAN Casino: 999

Friday

BARROW Maxim's Disco: SCENE STEALER
BASINGSTOKE Technical College: SCREENS / SHANGHAI
BATH University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: THE DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SPLIT ENZ
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: STEREO GRAFFITI
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: KENNY ROGERS / CRYSTAL GAYLE
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: GARY GLITTER
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: SUPERTRAMP
BRISTOL Bunch of Grapes: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
BRISTOL University: KURSAAL FLYERS
BROMLEY Stockwell College: 999
BURTON Barley Mow Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CANTERBURY Kent University: JIM CAPALDI
CARDIFF University: THE CLASH / RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
COVENTRY Theatre: FOUR TOPS
DONCASTER College of Education: KRAKATOA
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: NEW HEARTS
DUNDEE Students Association: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
DUNDEE Technical College: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
EDINBURGH Art College: THE REZILLOS
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE BUZZCOCKS / JOHNNY & THE SELF-ABUSERS
EDINBURGH University: JOHN MARTYN
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: BURLESQUE
HATFIELD Polytechnic: CHINA
HEMSWORTH United Services Club: MODESTY BLAISE
HEREFORD College of Education: MUSCLES / GARBO
HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks College: THE XTRAVERTS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: SLIM WHITMAN
KINGSTON Polytechnic: TYLA GANG
LEEDS Polytechnic: REDBRASS
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: FLASH CATS
LEICESTER University: RADIO STARS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: SHAM 69
LIVERPOOL Red Star Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL University: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: RICHARD NEWMAN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NO DICE / DEPRESSIONS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE STRANGLERS / DICTATORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE VOID
LONDON E.1 London Hospital Medical College: GENO WASHINGTON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JOAN ARMATRADING
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: THE STUKAS
LONDON Royal Free Hospital: SPITERI
LONDON School of Economics: THE PLEASERS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: LIGHT FANTASTIC
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: FLYING ACES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
MANCHESTER New Century Hall: BURNING SPEAR
MANCHESTER University: HOT VULTURES
MARGATE High Cliff: GIZMO
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: PAT TRAVERS BAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: ELVIS COSTELLO / NICK LOWE / IAN DURY / WRECKLESS ERIC / LARRY WALLIS
NORWICH City College: FABULOUS POODLES
NORWICH East Anglia University: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
PLYMOUTH College of St. Mark & St. John: OSCAR
PRESTON Guildhall: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
READING Top Rank: THE ADVERTS
READING University: WARREN HARRY
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE MOVIES
SALFORD University: BOB WILLIAMSON
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: BUSTER CRABBE
SHEFFIELD University: JASPER CARROTT
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: YES / DONOVAN
STAFFORD College of Further Education: ALICE & THE JAGUARS / XTC
ST. HELENS Theatre Royal: BARBARA DICKSON
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: RADIO STARS / THE ENID / AMAZORBLADES / GONZALEZ
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SMOKIE

Saturday

ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: STAMPS
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BATH University: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SPLIT ENZ
BIRMINGHAM University: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS / BRIGHT EYES / STAN ARNOLD
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College: THE 'O' BAND
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: GARY GLITTER
BLACKPOOL Poulton College: JENNY DARREN
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: FRACTURE
BRADFORD University: CARAVAN
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: MERGER
BRISTOL Granary: QUARTZ
CHICHESTER Bishop Otter College: ALICE & THE JAGUARS
COVENTRY Mr. George's: XTC
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: WARREN HARRY
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
DUMBARTON Mr. Robert's: CHOU PAHROT
DURHAM St. Hisda's & St. Bede's College: THE MOVIES
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: THE DRIFTERS
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: SCENE STEALER
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: PAT TRAVERS BAND
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
GLASGOW University: JOHN MARTYN
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: ROD McKUEN
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: SMOKIE
LANCASTER University: ELVIS COSTELLO / NICK LOWE / IAN DURY / WRECKLESS ERIC / LARRY WALLIS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: REDBRASS
LEICESTER Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
LEICESTER University: BARBARA DICKSON
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE DARTS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: LE CHEILE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE TROGGS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE STRANGLERS / THE DICTATORS
LONDON City University: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: HERON / OFF LICENSE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE NIGHT
LONDON DAGENHAM North-East Polytechnic: COCK SPARRER / MACHINE GUN
LONDON EALING Technical College: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON FINCHLEY Great Expectations: JOHN SHANE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: FLYING ACES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: SEQUEL DUO
LONDON LIMEHOUSE The Londoner: ELECTRIX
LONDON Marquee Club: DEPRESSIONS
LONDON Queen Mary's College: S.A.L.T.
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: KENNY ROGERS / CRYSTAL GAYLE
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: MARY O'HARA
LONDON School of Economics: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG / VINCENT CRANE & FRIENDS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RAM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WIRE
MANCHESTER University: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
MARGATE High Cliff: BERNIE TORME
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
NEWCASTLE University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: COLOSSEUM II
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: STRIFE
OXFORD Polytechnic: X-RAY SPEX
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: SLIM WHITMAN
SLOUGH College: THE ADVERTS
SOUTHEND Kursaal: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: ROCK ISLAND LINE
WALSALL West Midlands College: KRAKATOA
WIGAN Casino: SURPRISE SISTERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: FOUR TOPS

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: TRACTOR
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BEDFORD Nite Spot: KURSAAL FLYERS
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: COLOSSEUM II
BRADFORD St George's Hall: GARY GLITTER
CARLISLE Market Hall: THE CLASH/RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: 999
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JIM CAPALDI/MEAL TICKET
CROYDON Greyhound: HEARTBREAKERS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: YES/DONOVAN
HANLEY Victoria Hall: SMOKIE
HULL New Theatre: JOHN MARTYN
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: KENNY ROGERS/CRYSTAL GAYLE
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE DARTS
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
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LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: ELECTRIX
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LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DICK MORRISSEY BAND
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LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE TUBES
NORWICH Theatre Royal: THE CHIEFTAINS
NOTTINGHAM Katie's Club: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: PAT TRAVERS BAND
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre: REDBRASS
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: STEFAN GROSSMAN
READING University: LITTLE BOB STORY
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: THE ADVERTS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: FOUR TOPS
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: BARBARA DICKSON
STAFFORD Top of the World: THE BUZZCOCKS
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: MUD
WATH-UPON-DEARNE Rugby Club: BRIAN DEWHURST

Monday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE's RAINBOW
BIRMINGHAM Knowle The Boggery: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: THE CLASH / RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: SUPERTRAMP
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: KENNY ROGERS / CRYSTAL GAYLE
CHELTENHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: TONY BENNETT
DONCASTER Outlook Club: GENERATION X
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: 90° INCLUSIVE
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: YES/DONOVAN
HULL Tiffany's: BURLESQUE
LEEDS Pickwick Club: XTC
LEEDS Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: FLYING ACES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JIM CAPALDI
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ADVERTISING / TRASH
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: RAW DOGS
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: JOHN GOLDING
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE STUKAS / THE PLEASERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PROPAGANDA
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THE TUBES
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SPLIT ENZ
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THE CHIEFTAINS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: THE RUNAWAYS / 999
STAFFORD Top Of The World: PAT TRAVERS BAND
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: GARY GLITTER
STOKE Jollees Club: THE DRIFTERS
THURROCK Civic Hall: REDBRASS

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
BELFAST Usher Hall: THE STRANGLERS/RADIO STARS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: X-RAY SPEX
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
BOLTON Albert Hall: DAEVID ALLEN & THE PLANET GONG
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: SHOWADDYWADDY
BRIGHTON Alhambra: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
BRIGHTON Dome: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: LOUISIANA RED
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE ADVERTS
COVENTRY Locarno: THE CLASH/RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
EXETER University: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: YES/DONOVAN
HIGH WYCOMBE Newland Club: THE LURKERS
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: XTC
LEEDS Ace of Clubs: NEW HEARTS/SKUNKS
LEEDS Polytechnic: BETHNAL
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: TONY BENNETT
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: FOUR TOPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEPASIDE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JIM CAPALDI
LONDON CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: HEADACHE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ASTRA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE PLEASERS
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: FLYING ACES
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
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LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GRAND HOTEL/THE END
NORWICH East Anglia University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
OXFORD Polytechnic: CHINA
PRESTON Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY
ST. ALBANS City Hall: FABULOUS POODLES/AFTER THE FIRE
STOKE Jollees Club: THE DRIFTERS

Wednesday

AYLESBURY Friars: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE RUNAWAYS/999
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE CLASH/RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
COLERAINE Ulster University: THE STRANGLERS/RADIO STARS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: PAT TRAVERS BAND
DUNDEE University: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: SLIM WHITMAN
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
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ILFORD Palais: THE ENID
IPSWICH Tracey's: BETHNAL
KEELE University: NEIL ARDLEY
LIVERPOOL University: CHINA
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MOON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SHOWADDYWADDY
LONDON Marquee Club: FIVE HAND REEL
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STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: TONY BENNETT
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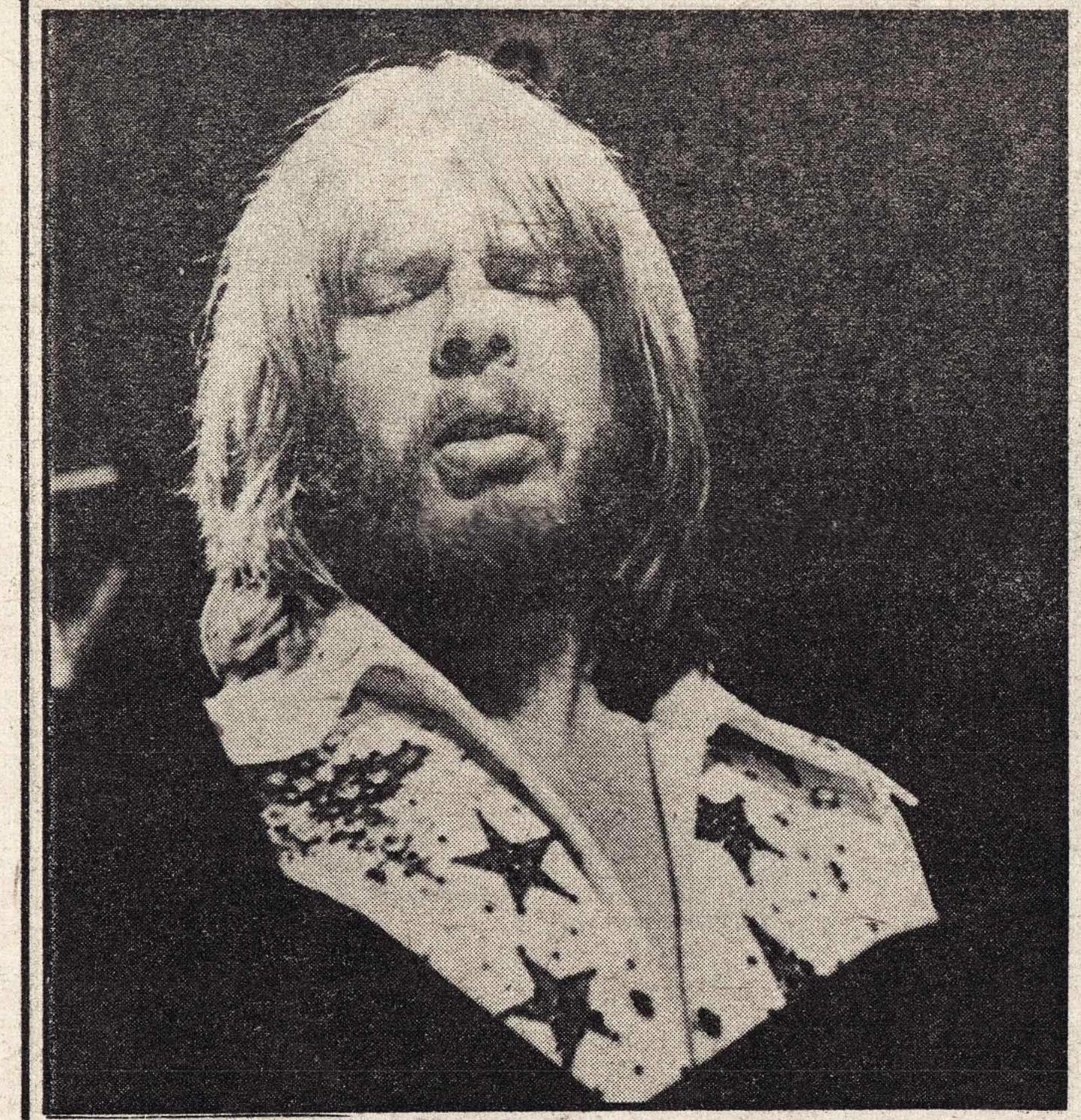

Float like a butterfly . . .

BIBBLE BIBBLE BIBBLE

(beep beep beep)

Drooling through the cosmos come YES (and DONOVAN)

. . . Sing like a bee??

Pix: GUS STEWART

Yes
Donovan
WEMBLEY

THE WAY Jon Anderson dances, he could be auditioning for the John Hurt part in the re-make of *The Naked Civil Servant.*

Dressed in a white, flowing harem suit, he takes wobbly little steps that pay no heed to the big beat that Alan White's laying down behind him. All the while, he's fluttering his arms like a languid butterfly trying to take off.

If Rick Wakeman got into bother at the Royal College of Music, it seems probable that Anderson confined his rebellion to the Accrington Academy of Grace, Charm, Tap and Ballet.

Isadora Duncan he ain't. But he'd like to be.

Anderson's visual image reflects the central paradox at the core of Yes's appeal.

He's surrounded by musical musclemen, like a queen bee protected by the workers. And, at the same time, it's the stunning contrast between the impeccable soprano and all that crunching techno-flash that gives the band their special identity.

The trouble with a Yesshow (as the ads call it) is that you go in a cynic and come out a convert.

Anderson's lyrics are notoriously pretentious, and so is the environment with which Yes choose to surround themselves. (Not the Empire Pool itself, dummy. The stage scenery).

First of all, there's this twee little curtain. It's white, naturally. But it looks like something out of your local fleapit cinema. It's there to hide the roadies setting up. And while that's going on, there's some appallingly unmelodic Japanese music warbling over the PA.

When the band walk on to tumultuous applause and the curtain rises, they're revealed in the middle of what looks like Santa's fairy grotto, as designed by Roger Dean.

Great strands of extraterrestrial matter, made of transparent plastic, form the back-drop, looking like a giant pair of torn tights.

For the new wave surfers, the most offensive sight, though, is surely that of Rick Wakeman surrounded by all that electronic hardware. No less than 18 keyboards, according to the programme. Among them: five mini moogs, four birotrans, one polymoog, one RMI computer keyboard, and one RMI Rock-Si-Cord piano. No doubt if there was room, he'd get a poly-computerised-twin-tub-kebab-attachment-spit-roast-split-level-xylophone, as featured on Sooty's new album.

Everyone on stage seems to possess equally complex technology, though Wakeman is the most overloaded. Penned in by all that gear, he looks like a cookery demonstrator at the Ideal Home exhibition.

Even Jon Anderson appears, at one point, to be playing an electronic tambourine. That's right. Each and every one of those tiny, jingling cymbals are separately miked. He's even got his own sound mixer, just for the tambourine.

Is all that technology really necessary? Well, it's obviously very unlikely that most members of the audience can distinguish between a note played on a mini-moog and one on a Rock-Si-Cord piano.

The trouble with this line of derision is that the music all this clobber produces sounds completely exquisite, and even, at times, beautiful.

Awkward, that. If it was no more than a lot of self-indulgent meandering by a bunch of pampered millionaires, then it would be easier to dismiss.

Up to a point, of course, Yes *have* in the past gone in for a preposterous excess, and they're still guilty of it to some degree, now.

However, they finally seemed to have twigged that there is a limit to their genius. They've cleverly concluded that some of their music is less than brilliant. Instead of ladling out over-generous excerpts from their latest album, what you get is the very best songs from their entire career.

As a result, this means they concentrate fairly heavily on cuts from "The Yes Album" and "Close To The Edge", which was undoubtedly when they were at their creative peak.

So you get "I've Seen All The Good People", "Starship Trooper", "And You And I" and "Close To The Edge" itself.

Of course, there are the new songs, like "Wondrous Stories" and "Going For The One", but they both sound like deliberate retreads of their old style.

The conclusions must be that Yes are now irredeemably an oldies band, and that's good news for all concerned.

After all, no-one ever expected Leonardo Da Vinci to top the Mona Lisa. Or Enid Blyton to top Noddy. So it was no more than arrogance for Yes to think they could outdo their own, original youthful creativity.

This concentration on their strongest songs goes in tandem with a relatively restrained approach to solos. Wakeman, for instance, no longer gives excerpts from his latest solo masterwork. His instrumental breaks are kept in context.

Yes have sharpened up their act on a grand scale, and the result is a potent rejection of the idea that rock music is incapable of producing work that's both complex and exhilarating at the same time.

The choice of support, **Donovan,** only serves to make the argument even more forcefully. Cosmic gibberish also used to be his forte, but the contrast between his obvious riffs and Yes's instrumental grandeur is notably sharp.

Bob Edmands

Jones and the guitar that is no more

The Clash
Richard Hell
NEWCASTLE

. . . And the day the Karma came back

GETTING A firework thrown at your face and having your guitar cracked in half may be a weekend punk's idea of giving their hero a warm salutation, but for the musicians in question (Richard Hell and Mick Jones respectively) the hostilities were approximately as welcome as a dose of the clap.

The incidents were indicative of a problem facing the luminaires of New Wave music. If those punks who have derived their manifesto more from F. Street than The Roxy continue with their assaults - as - a - mark - of - respect then very soon it won't be Local Council Reactionaries who are preventing the bands from playing regular gigs — it'll be the enthusiastic but fatally misguided Punk - Pop - Kids themselves.

Mick Jones got dragged out into the audience during The Clash's final encore of "Janie Jones" and when the security men pulled him back and he clocked the damage done by people for whom he had just played his heart out for over an hour, the geezer was understandably choked and stormed off stage, leaving the remaining trio of Clash City Scratchers to finish the set with reduced numbers.

The Richard Hell premature and inadvertant celebration of Guy Fawkes Day was potentially tragic as in Day Two at the 100 Club festival '76 — although you could put it down to karmic come-back for a guy who sometimes sports a "Please Kill Me" t-shirt — but he avoided blindness in one eye by reflex action that caused the fire-work to zip past his head, just scorching the side of his spiked barnet.

"I thought it was a lighter or match," he reflected the next day. "Because all I felt was fire on my hair . . ."

What did you think of the audience as a whole?

"Sleepy audience," he said. "All student kids in long-hair and denim coming to check out 'punk-rock' . . ."

The evening was disappointing because of the hostilities above and also because Joe Strummer could hardly sing due to a fever (bag full of medicine, hardly able to talk but the show must go on) and Richard Hell's set being at constant Ramone-pace, a major tactical error considering that the finest on his album occur when he's balancing the energy-control-dials on songs like "Betrayal Takes Two" and "Another World". Those were passed over in favour of more frantic stuff — "Love Comes In Spurts", "Down At The Rock And Roll Club" and "New Pleasures" plus the best received (because of familiarity; Hell's only had the Stiff single out over here as his album *still* ain't out on mass-release) "Blank Generation" and "Born To Lose", plus the best song of his set, his autobiographical "Liars Beware".

His band consist of two hippies and a bald Ginsbergesque Bohemian. The set was as exciting as the Roxy is these days, but due to all the media hyperbole surrounding them Hell and the Voidoids have secured a starring role in a major film to go into production in January.

A broken guitar and sore tonsils were not the only problems that plagued The Clash. A spirited performance lost its edge because the band are less enthusiastic performing the songs that — for the most part — the academic punters have come to see: "White Riot", "Career Opportunities", "London's Burning", etcetera, are belted out with considerably less panache than that which they employ on fresher, more JA influenced rockers like "White Man In The Hammersmith Palais", "Jail Guitar Doors", "Clash City Rockers" and "The Prisoner".

For "White Man In The Hammersmith Palais", the finest song they've ever written, Strummer tried to differentiate between their new and old stuff to the denim-clad swastika make-up pogoing students.

"For this one you move your arse sideways instead of up and down," he advised hoarsely.

The students were helpless and stationary and quite sickening. The guitar they broke meant more to Mick Jones than anything else he owns — and if you think it's cool to assault your heroes, you shoulda stuck around Newcastle for the next night when Johnny Thunders got the same treatment and dealt with it in the only manner he could, by putting the boot in.

"Broke his nose, mannn," Johnny smirked. "Only thing they understand . . ."

Tony Parsons

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Iggy suffers metallic KO, Ramones rule OK?

Iggy Pop, Ramones
NEW YORK

I WASN'T going to write this because I've seen your exhaustive coverage of Iggy's flopflaps in England lately, but I'll keep it short and sweet as to particulars and let rip on why I think atrocity pends.

When Iggy came here last spring he was playing on an album that anybody who had any regard for what he once represented hated.

"The Idiot" was phony bullshit, and in a way "Lust For Life" is worse, because "Lust For Life" is the kind of album that sounds more like what people expect from him so will fool more of critics and fans alike. Me, I like Bowie's last two albums better because I was expecting less.

But at least at Iggy's spring concert he came through with a bridled yet devastating ferocity onstage. I interviewed him the day before and he struck me as nervous, trying to keep something that ate like insects in hand, to be a pro, but no, if you know what I mean.

Still, the show was great, albeit great theatre in place of apocalypse, but urgency washed over or was still manifest in the man's stance.

Which brings us to last week's performance.

But why talk about that when I can talk about The Ramones, who never sat down or pouted *once* during their set?

I mean, why subsidize a guy who picks his nose with Nazi helmets and broken Berlin chairs and bilingual jive when there's the international language of the spheres blasting our conks bigger than we ever figured they were capable of, new equipment not enough to explain the way the Bowery savants came hurtling off that stage translating perfectly into larger halls projecting past all **your art-rock sneers, the whole crowd bouncing in their seats,** jabbing arms smashing into each other, wishing they were in England — the dumb shits — but can you blame them when they get so seldom riddled with rock shrapnel?

It was the holycaust as only Ramones can thrash, they filled the stage physically as well as musically, little girls of all ages bouncing in their seats and kids looking for some safe form of violence, this being New York after all you might get rolled on the way home, it was ecstacy, it was everything that rock 'n' roll should be, it was one of the future bands in America I would trust with my life.

Patti Smith had a hassle with the security guards. I guess that means she's one of the people.

Iggy was all bad tease. Everytime he'd get up a head of steam, he would perversely and quite intentionally destroy it, in favour of crouching by the amps in the corner or sprawling on the stage, pouting in whatever case.

He sang mostly songs from that fraudulent tho' averagely acceptable album he just put out, and nobody was worked up enough even to throw a beer bottle, which he actually deserved more than the Dead Boys, who actually get them and are better than your scorn might indicate.

When the Pop tries he is better than I'm willing to tell him he is at this point, but he is also pissed about something that is not his audience's fault (no superstardom yet?), and makes 'em suffer for it.

He'll reap what he sows. He'll end up a geek show like Lou Reed, except Lou Reed **was at least funny and, more than that, unpredictable.**

Iggy is just so sullenly resentful enough of a slight he has not suffered this time around that he does not even deserve to be called pathetic.

But watch him closely, all you geek-freaks, he's gonna revert to not-quite-form, pathetic imitations of "Metallic K.O." hatred, manifested in those little bird-flippings followed by shitgrins this show, like he couldn't make up his mind whether to blame it all on those adoring willing fans or vomit gratitude in their faces.

The ultimate judgement, just like with Lou's last tours, is that nobody cares.

You can hate all you want but when all it's tied up with is yourself and your unrequited nerves then there really is no future for you.

I don't care if I never see another Iggy show again, something inconceivable a year ago, but this was embarrassing enough.

Sing in German about how everybody in the disco wants to ball you, tell us about that bottle of wine by the Rhine while you lose your eyes in an uncooperative helmet, swing from bars and sprawl to your heart's content like all you had to do was sing halfway decent and all those ungrateful assholes should be happy to see half a show, and take comfort in the fact that we hate you, because of what you once were not only that but what you could be if you were not a pouting cowardly wretch, but since that is what you choose to be you may console yourself in the fact that you can relive "Metallic K.O." for the rest of your career.

You're making us eat your self-hate, so here's a salvo of lightbulbs, tomatoes, eggs, insults of every material and verbal kind for the rest of your staged life.

But don't fool yourself that it's like the old days, because we're going through the motions as much as you are, we really don't care.

Ultimately we will leave you alone, totally indifferent to you or plastic anger or your confused rages, which you will finally have to sort out for yourself.

Our silence is your punishment, and we know how much you love that.

Well, spread it over the next 30 years.

Lester Bangs

The Ig: lonely at the top.

"Don't be fooled, pop kids, I'm still in touch with my roots (which reminds me, I got a hairdresser's appointment tomorrow)." *Pix: JOE STEVENS*

Rod, wearing it extremely well

Rod Stewart Band
NEW YORK

THE AMBITION OF the Rod Stewart Band is simply to be the world's biggest attraction, and two nights at New York's Madison Square Garden last week was their first major step in America towards achieving that.

In forming this six-piece last year, and then unveiling it on a highly successful European and British tour, Stewart demonstrated that his colossal talent had in no way been diminished by his Hollywood lifestyle.

And when he played Olympia even the most bloody-minded London critics had to finally admit he was still one of rock's most important performers.

Since then Stewart and these musicians have recorded "Foot Loose And Fancy Free", which will doubtless be regarded by many people as the rock album of the year, and, probably because of this experience and almost a year playing together, they now have a band identity.

For that reason their two Madison Square Garden sets on Thursday and Friday surpassed even their excellent British concerts.

Essentially they're a tough, energetic rock 'n' roll group who were intent on having the Garden floor boards continuously vibrate from the opening song, "Three Time Loser", until the last one, "Stay With Me".

And their success in achieving that depended as much on the six musicians as on Stewart himself.

But it was the atmosphere they were able to create which made their act perhaps the finest I've seen this year.

It had all the trappings of a Rock Extravaganza, bringing the audience to their feet as soon as the curtains opened to reveal a completely white stage, including amps, monitors and John Jarvis' imposing grand piano.

Stewart himself contributed to the ostentatiousness of the occasion, coming on stage in a black leotard with a red silk shawl and matching belt sash, his face heavily made up, and then pouting and preening to the delight of the fans.

Yet it is all tinged with humour. Billy Peek duck-walks across the stage, swooping from side to side with his Flying-V as if it was a tommy-gun; The other two guitarists, Jim Cregan and Gary Grainger, and bassist Phil Chenn, form a line at the front of the stage and perambulate in the time-honoured style of The Shadows.

Rod was such a master of melodramatic ham that you could even forgive him for his costume change into a white ensemble during the solos by Grainger and drummer Carmine Appice on "Losing You".

But the theatrical buffoonery, obviously as important to the momentum of the set as the material (which ranged from the hard rock 'n' roll pieces like "Big Bayou", "Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller" and "Hot Legs" to the established Stewart anthems like "You Wear It Well", "Tonight's The Night" and "This Old Heart Of Mine") never detracted from the band's expertise.

Stewart was the undisputed musical director, imposing a discipline on the musicians which allowed him the freedom, and no doubt gave him the confidence, to rage through "Hot Legs", and then sing "The Killing Of Georgie" with controlled passion.

Yet his absolute control of his own performance was often relaxed enough during instrumental sections to allow every one of the musicians to justify their place in the band.

And it was during these frequent moments that their collective talent became obvious, with Cregan and Grainger often competing against each other, using only a rehearsed unison lines as a lift-off point.

Jarvis too improvised brilliantly on either piano or organ, while the solid backbeat was laid with immoveable determination by Appice and Chenn.

Had not this kind of balanced discipline been observed, then there's little doubt they would have been unable to key the set's tension to such a height, encoring with "Twisting The Night Away", and then as suddenly cutting back for a wonderfully sensitive reading of "First Cut Is The Deepest".

At the moment the Rod Stewart Band are close to realising their aspiration of being the world's number one group; by the end of their American tour they'll probably be acknowledged as rock's champions.

Tony Stewart

Van Der Graaf
OXFORD NEW THEATRE

SPECIAL GUEST on this year's V.D.G. tour is Mr. **Alexander Robertson,** a skinny Scotsman in a leather jacket carrying sandwiches and a flask of lemon barley water.

He sits down at the piano, and plays in a McCartneyesque style. His songs have rich and colourful melodies, a striking hymnal quality, classic '60s singer-songwriter stuff.

But he's singing lyrics about fat girls and thin men, lyrics that are funny, zany, surreal and silly, that suggest a great interest in history and that are extremely witty.

He cracks jokes about The Stranglers — how can you help but like him? Is this man the punk Ivor Cutler? "Actually I'm the Pam Ayres of the New Wave," he says.

In the V.D.G. line-up, Hugh Banton, Dave Jackson and Generator have gone, and Graham Smith (violin) and Charles Beckie (cello and synthesizer) have come and Nic Potter (bass) has come back. The new album "The Quiet Zone/The Pleasure Dome" is, by Hammill's standards, blatantly commercial, the nearest he's come for a long time to hummability.

You know it must be 1977 when Peter Hammill is wearing a transparent plastic mac and looking like the hippy who got kicked out of Ultravox 'cos he wouldn't get his hair cut.

Whether you groove to it or not, however, Van Der Graaf have a lot in common with the mood and movement of modern music which is most obvious in Hammill's sung/spoken acerbically dissonant declamations and simplistic stuttering guitar work and especially apparent in the electric edge of his music.

Naturally, following the radical line-up changes, the current set is based mainly on the new record with only the addition of "Crying Wolf" (from Hammill's solo album "Over") "Still Life" and a medley of old songs described by Hammill as "the closest we'll come to a 'Greatest Hits' ".

You don't really take much notice of individual songs though, but rather become enveloped in the chilling atmosphere of the music.

Sight and sound on-stage centre emphatically around Hammill and Smith (despite the efforts of a puny slide-cum-laser show), the former flaying his vocal chords with sudden octave leaps from aggressive guttural ranting to vulnerable pleading.

The latter, meanwhile, sternly stalks about looking like a Victorian prime-minister or a waiter in a Transylvanian tea-shop, dominating the music and producing (with the help of some FX pedals) a wide range of superb sounds.

Welded together with Beckie's rasping cello or eerily Eno-esque synthesizer a core of chamber (of horrors) music is created around which Hammill's harsh and primitive riffing and Guy Evans' impressively skilful drumming clash and flow in complex time signatures and counter-rhythms.

They finished with "Last Frame" (allowing Smith a thankfully brief burst of "I went to music school you know" virtuosity) and then, with a typical lack of compromise, returned for an encore with an excellent new number called "Dawn".

With Hawkwind sounding practically like XTC on "Quark, Strangeness and Charm" it seems that some of these old men might have more to offer for 1978 than we can expect from most of their young detractors.

Van Der Graaf certainly have a unique sound and a forward-looking vision that is worthy of your time and attention.

Van Der Graaf are the most fun you can have without smiling.

There were no guitar solos.

David Housham

I AM A PUNK fanzine writer and I think you should be told of the horrible scenes outside the Ulster Hall last Thursday night, and the truth about the whole affair. No doubt you will receive countless other letters about the incident *('Sright — Ed.)* but just hear me out.

We (my mates and I) arrived outside the venue about 5.30 pm on Thursday night and I was told that I could grab an interview with The Clash if I asked for one of the promoters. Having tried without luck to get in touch I went back to the already quite large queue, and then someone told us that the concert was off. Naturally we wanted to know why it had been cancelled, and after about half an hour's time-wasting we were eventually told that it was because of insurance problems.

So, a few punks weren't about to accept this and a few cans and bottles were thrown in protest (about five — if indeed that many). Still not having a clue of what was happening, a large crowd of punks gathered. They spilled out onto the road and so cars etc. had difficulty getting through. A few of the more "pissed" punks started to stop the cars in protest . . . that's when the REAL aggro began.

Frantic pogoing broke out in the road, and when the Brits pulled up in their jeep they called for the "pigs" to get us out of the way.

When the "blacks" (RUC) came they came in force. Many of them had probably never set eyes on a punk, never mind know how to deal with a crowd of them. So whilst the human barricade was still in the middle of the road they charged. Straight into them with batons drawn. All you could hear was screams of pain, and all that could be seen was a full scale battle developing in the road.

A good friend of mine had a camera with him and he began to take pictures of the massacre . . . and that is NOT an exaggeration . . . and in about five minutes we thought that it was all over. The road was cleared and the punks were standing quietly on the pavements (granted a few obscenities could be heard), when they charged again. This time they really were "into" the blood-sport. Four pigs against one punk just is not right or fair, is it??

Young girls were hit over the head and knocked to the ground, one guy called "Joss" was lifted twice and got a beating both times. My friend who had the camera was taking more pictures and the cops came rushing straight at us. They took his film and smashed it, beat him up and threw him out onto the street again.

Can this be right, I ask you??? Taking pictures of the fact, the reality, the TRUTH and being beaten up for it.

When we could we got out of the scene and went round to the Europa hotel. There we tried to get to see the band. We pleaded every way we could to get to see them, but no way were we going to get in.

We saw Joe Strummer, the great prophet of repression and society's failure . . . yeah, we saw him. He was on the inside but we were closed out. This made a lot of people angry, but what really got my blood up was when he DELIBERATELY TURNED HIS BACK ON US.

Surely you could have came outside and spoken with us, Joe? At least Nicky had the decency to look sympathetically at us, but oh no, the "great one" must have felt that we weren't up to his class to even look at us.

We are the ones who are being put down. I sacrificed a whole week's wages and nearly lost a camera over the whole incident. The last thing I wanted to see was Joe Strummer turn his back on me.

Bitterly disappointed with the proceedings so far, I was not about to leave the hotel grounds until someone came out to speak to me about it. About 50 or 60 punks stood outside the hotel and eventually some long-haired hippy came out and told us that the band would play Queen's but . . . only 400 people could get in. So eagerly we *ran* the few miles to get to the new venue.

We were then told we couldn't get in unless we had a Students Union card. Who was it at the start who hated the punks? Hippie people. Who is going to get to see them now? The same hippies.

After waiting for ages The Clash turned up and I spoke to Mick for a very short time (thanks, Mick). I told him that I was from *Private World* and I wanted to speak with them . . . I got a reply . . . "After the show mate, OK."

Sure it was OK — if there had been a show. I am not blaming The Clash for the total mess — the promoters are to blame . . . not forgetting our friends the police.

I compensated myself by going out the next night and seeing Ulster's top punk band "RUDI". They provided more entertainment value than the Feelgoods did last month.

A. GREER (Private World), Suffolk, Belfast.

I'M REALLY WRITING on behalf of our Soc. Sec. Austin Smyth, who is still in a state of shock after last night's events.

No doubt you will know that The Clash were to have opened their UK Tour in Belfast last night (Thur) but didn't.

Big deal, so what's one date cancelled in 20 — but it's a bit more serious for us at the Poly and for the Belfast rock audience in general.

The Poly is a very new college (in existence 6-7 years), and has had severe problems in the entertainments field, where Queens University Belfast have dominated for years — but at last a Soc Sec of some ingenuity was elected and the Poly started playing Queens at their own game, and won.

The outcome was the booking of The Clash and The Runaways in their one and only N.Ireland date, exclusive to the Poly, leaving Queens without any major attraction for the first term after Horslips had pulled out.

Great, everything's going well until Wednesday night (19) when the phone rings. Who is it? Why, it's our friendly insurance company. What do they want?

"Sorry, we cannot give insurance cover."

I hope the smug little bastard in the insurance company feels at ease with himself not knowing exactly what he's done.

And in the meantime, we have to pay The Clash and sew up all the holes — and that'll take a cool £2,000. £2,000 that we can't afford.

What little reputation the Poly had is now totally wrecked, and the rock deprived audience of Belfast (the ones who always suffer) is still without the taste of something big.

I feel sorry for Austin, I feel sorry for the Poly, but most of all I feel sorry for the innocent kids of Belfast who just wanted to have a good time and escape from reality for just a little while.

IAN DUNCAN, Communications Officer, Northern Ireland Polytechnic.

Tempted though I am to remark upon the fabulous, front-pageable pix with which The Clash returned home from the military zone, I'm sure they were as cut up as anyone about the fiasco. We *were* hoping to have a letter which Strummer scribbled to the young folks of Belfast and deposited with some student official, but it ain't arrived yet. *That* would set fings bleedin' straight, mate. Mighta give us someting ta sellybrate . . . — HIDEOUS PETE BOGG.

Illustration: LOWRY

INCLUDES: Police v. Punks, Punks v. Students, Stranglers v. Womankind and Cliffism v. The Bag. Now Read On.

LOONIES' GALLERY

WHAT COULD be more beautiful and more wonderful than to celebrate CLIFF RICHARD today when he celebrates his birthday. How wonderful! It is CLIFF RICHARD'S birthday!

Let's be next to him my friends from all over the world! Let's be next to him as we have always been so he should feel the warmth of our endless and burning love for him.

The English nation celebrates him and the same time the entire world, the entire musical world celebrates him since CLIFF belongs to the entire musical world loving him and appreciating him . . .

MISS MARGICA CARAGHIN, Galati, Romania.

Err, sorry to butt in dear but . . . (aside) Nurse, the Screens! — N.S. Phew, that was a close one — NURSE.

MY DEAR BAG, it's so *nice* to hear nowadays (in these times of terrorists who shoot airliner pilots and wonder why they can't take off again) that we can all pause for a moment and give time to thank someone, somewhere for such joyous news . . . Tony and Julie are making it legal, I can only presume by that idiom that they are *getting married* (I do hope I'm right and that they're not manufacturing something somewhere). It just goes to show, girls, what you can do. An alternative *Roget's Thesaurus,* Saturday afternoon with the Front and a muddy weekend at Reading. Would that it were always that simple. Kiss, kiss.

SIMONE DE BOVINE

Oooh, bitchy! You got nothing on this one though . . .

OH JULIE, Julie, you let me down too soon, you overtook me too fast, left me behind, thought too much for me.

First coming on like a mascara'd stiletto heeled punk rebel (cliche with a touch of insanity) then a sour disillusioned sceptic (just another critic totally believing in nothing with nothing to believe in), and occasional trips into Alfreds of West Ham, shaded heaven/hell, with maybe a scent of hyper meaningless acid prose like William Burroughs in an off moment. Playing with sicko death like a one year old with a shiny plastic teether, soon your teeth had to grow, I ended up a fool, conned again.

Now you're marrying, Julie, and it really isn't necessary, your image never demanded it, but, no doubt you are in love *(AHHHH!),* so, CONGRATULATIONS.

Now I suppose I'll have to go back to my little neurotic Susan. Hope she's still alive. She's a girl you just can't be sure of. If she's gone, I'll just have to go out and look for her!

GEOFF, Nr. Liverpool.

Give him a job, he's a good writer — J.B.

Nah, too sentimental. — N.S.

I SAY YOU jolly chaps, what a load of jolly old cobblers the old gnarled *Grey Whistle Test* thingy is and that hairy rabbit teethed chappy Harris is quite revolting.

Let's have some jolly old new wave rave weekly pop programme on our screens what, instead of some poncing old hippies with cobwebs strewn about their persona.

RUPERT PONCENBY FARQUAR-SMITH, alias SMELLY REGINALD, Oldham

Yes Rupert, but only bands WHO HAVE MADE AN ALBUM are allowed on the Saliva Test. Preposterous, but true! I mean it's not a matter just of putting on "new wave" — if only you could see the lips move! — N.S.

My mum *likes* the X-Ray Spex!

PUZZLED, North London.

This movement really is getting accommodated quickly isn't it? — N.S.

DON'T YOU ever get sick of
(1) People splitting their letters into numbered points.
(2) People harping on about luscious Gaye Advert.
(3) People signing their letters with stupid pseudonyms.

Also, do I have to say "I bet you won't print this letter" to get you to print it? Well I'd better go and defend the country.

JOHNNY FRIG, Deep in the heart of RAF Leuchars.

1. It can get . . .
2. tedious . . . but I don't mind . . .
3. the silly names. But how can anyone called "Johnny Frig" defend me from anything?

NO SMART-ARSE one liners, just a big thank you to Ronnie Van Zant, Steve Gaines and Cassie Gaines and all the rest of Lynyrd Skynyrd who have given me so much pleasure in the last few years, both onstage and on record.

IAN WILSON

DEAR RONNIE Van Zant, when you get up there and you see Elvis on his gilt throne, munching his way to eternal obesity at his private pizza parlour, give him a good boot from us all — I'll tell you who was fucking king.

HABADAYIP MELV, Cambridge Corn Exchange Appreciation Society.

FOR A new wave group The Stranglers are very old fashioned in their views. As out-dated as we so-labelled 'hippies' are, at least we never restricted an individual to the extent that The Stranglers suggest, simply because of their sexuality.

I mean, is the message to all punkettes — Save yourself for the man you love? I thought that went out with conformity.

AN ANGRY FEMINIST, Edinburgh.

No, the message is to save yourself for Jean Jacques so he can treat you bad. Whaddya mean, you're not interested? — N.S.

GOSH I'M dismayed at the Stiff tour not coming to Southampton. Just think what all you Stiffettes (Stiffters?) have missed. We've got lots of lovely parks where dismayed people go to become happy. There's a nice zoo where you could have fed the animals and we've got a big docks where you can see big ships full of jolly jack-tars.

STUART, Totton, Hants.

You left out the complete absence of soul — N.S.

SOME NOT QUITE SO SILLY LETTERS TO FINISH

AM I too late to point out the fact that Les Stranglers' "Something Better Change" hook owes a teeny bit to "We're Not Gonna Take It" by Mr. P. Townsend?

A SHORT HAIRED WORKING CLASS STUDENT LIVING ON A MINIMUM GRANT (and not moaning about other "scroungers" like people on the dole, in NHS hospitals, etc., etc.) Nottingham.

Yeah, something better change — like the chord sequence — N.S.

THIS LETTER is dedicated to all the smart-ass one-liners that never got printed.

B. MUNOLIAI, Haywards Heath.

When they're this quality is it surprising? — N.S.

MY MATE Billy Grim reckons that the Pistols album should be called "Never Mind The Fans — Here Come The Singles (again)". Wit, eh?

KEV BISCOE (of the Darlex).

Sign him up for the lyrics, quick — N.S.

Bagperson: NEIL SPENCER

teazers

AFTER THE Summer of Hate and Autumn of Angst, *T-Zers* po-facedly presents the Winter of Discontent. Why have we suddenly adopted such a grim-lipped, ashen-faced profile? Because of the media attention focused on a 16-year-old Barking student with eight O Levels and thrice that many spots on his chin.

Joe Pearce (remember the name) is a Young National Front organiser and editor of the YNF newsletter *Bulldog*, a Roneo-and-staples job replate with witticisms about black 'muggers' being sighted near Whipsnade and Chessington. An integral part of NF's youth-recruiting drive is the projected distribution of *Bulldog* in London schools.

On BBC TV's *Tonight* programme last week, Pearce managed to keep a straight face as he said that his propaganda was in no way intended to cause offence to 'coloureds'. Then on Sunday's *London Weekend Show* up popped Pearce again to talk about the NF's absurd repatriation manifesto: "When we send the blacks back, it's not going to hurt them. They'll probably go willingly . . ."

Copies of *Bulldog*, by the way, have been sent to the Home Secretary for his perusal. In one of them, **Johnny Rotten** is described as "no better than a white nigger" *(Johnny'd like that — Ed.)* . . .

And so, fairly tidily, to **Los Pistoleros.** Capital Radio have banned "Holidays In The Sun" because of the "offensive" reference to Belsen, "It's quite puzzling", opines jovial Virgin PR **Al Clark.** "If an analogy had been made with Belsen and holiday camps by a witty media commentator it would be considered to be terribly pertinent. It's like Willie Hamilton being considered an interestingly controversial character because he knocks royalty, whereas the Pistols are considered animals . . ."

The Pistols' "Bollocks" album ain't faring much better. Virgin supremo **Richard Branson** has his own theory on the "unbelievably childish" decision of the big chain stores to ban the record: "They would love to take the album. but having banned the single ("God Save the Queen") they can't bring themselves to stock it." Tough on anyone who has access only to Brutes, W. H. Smug and Willies ...

Not even Virgin's record stores are safe from vigilante backlash. After several threatening phone calls, the Virgin Edinburgh staff returned to work on Monday to find the shop front covered in eggs, tomatoes and other unpleasant stale comestibles. "You'd think people would have better things to do on a Sunday," boomed **Big Al Clark . . .**

Small wonder that the **Small Wonder** record store in Walthamstow is being threatened with prosecution by the police because of their "Bollocks" window display. 1984, mush? Nah, it's down to some penny-ante 1889 bye-law. See you in court . . .

But what of the lads themselves? How are they coping? Young **Sidney Vicious** was recently spotted at an all-nite Kings Road noshery supping champers and picking at prawn cocktails. Speaking eloquently to girlfriend **Nancy,** Sid assumed a moronic Cockney accent whenever waiters were around. The handsome couple left in a limo . . .

Oh dear says *T-Zers* to the news that the Pistols' movie *Who Killed Bambi?,* has been temporarily shelved, even though scripting and casting were completed, and several sets prepared at Bray Studios. Legal and financial hitches are blamed, but director **Russ Meyer** has flown home to the States in something closely resembling a huff. *(what's its wing span? — Ed.)* . . .

This week's **Keith Richard** story; since France is a country where *all* the **Stones** are allowed and since Keef has a luxury flat in Paris, it was decided to do the next Stones studio album there. Studio time was booked, but for the first two days no-one showed. On the third day Keef flew in and instructed the driver that met him at the airport to drive him to his flat. The driver asked him for his address. Keef — never having bothered to find out — had to phone the Stones NY office. Funny, huh . . .?

Strong rumours that **Syd Barrett** plans to record an album early next year (about 6.30 am), with **Dave Gilmour** producing, playing and co-writing . . .

Ray Davies recently wrote to **Tom Robinson** asking if "Glad To Be Gay" had been altered since Tom recorded it as a demo for Konk last year. Kould Konk be Kontemplating releasing it . . .?

"Do any of you out there have any Irish in you?" asked **Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott** onstage in Houston. Cue choruses of "Yeah! Over here!" Lynott: "Would any of you girls like a bit more?" . . .

Demure **Marie Osmond** mortified at publicists referring to her "new, sexy look." The religious 18-year old admits to "growing up" but, keeping her legs firmly crossed, adds: "I am not trying to turn myself into a sexy dish." Gobble, gobble hey . . !

David Kossoff's *You Have A Minute, Lord?* ("A sort of a prayer book") includes three pieces about his late son under the heading "Words For Paul", one of which has the apt title "All Right Now" . . .

"And don't forget, we told you about it first!" Thus one rival publication last week when they printed **Michael Gray's** "Calendar of Death in Rock". unfortunately, kids, we *do* remember where we read it first — in *Let it Rock*. It's also been reprinted in *Creem*. Long lifespan, eh . . .?

That reminds us: **Lester Bangs** is in town . . .

The *Evening News* followed up last week's **Ross McManus/Elvis Costello** *Thrill* to discover that Elvis' debut was as guitarist in the R. White's 'secret lemonade drinker' TV ad. Elvis' dad adds: "No doubt in ten years time they'll be showing the ad as a vintage film on the *Old Grey Whistle Test.*" Actually *So It Goes* is going to transmit an entire *OGWT* as a collector's item next week . . .

Following this week's *Time Out* story on the Stiff's Greatest Stiffs tour, **Elvis** wants *TO* Editor **Richard Williams'** head on a platter (bring your own six-inch nail) . . .

And didn't the Stiff package do handsome? Not even **Michael Jagger** could blag free tickets for Friday's Lyceum gig. **Ian Dury's Blockheads** stole the show, but **Wreckless Eric's** unscheduled onstage dust-up with saxophonist **Dave Payne** was a close second. Roadies stopped play . . . Another star was born, too, with Stiff MC **Kosmo "More Beef" Vinyl.** He introduced **Dave Edmunds** on Sunday at the Roundhouse as "The royal ruler of rockabilly raunch *(Give the man a job. — Ed.)*, the man who taught **The Clash** how to play . . ."

And just why was **Elvis Costello's** drummer **Pete Thomas** playing guitar with **Nick Lowe's 'Led Zeppelin'** during the festivities? For an extra £25 a week, would you believe . . .?

Following **Alex Harvey's** walk-out, remainder of **SAHB** declare themselves available for session work . . .

Relax, credibility-watchers . . . success hasn't swollen the pointy head of the lovely Graham Parker, even though he requires abnormal sacrifices from The Rumour to keep his soul shoes dry in a Hollywood swimming pool. CHALKIE DAVIES kept dry as well.

Bob Andrews and Tony James of Generation X introduce their new singer, 17-year-old Harry Webb from Cheshunt, at a press conference to celebrate their seventh week at number one with "Your Generation".

Phonogram's failure to release **Richard Hell** and **Talking Heads** albums locally has prompted healthy import sales . . .

Enjoying **Steel Pulse** last week at Dingwalls were **Delroy Washington, Bernard Rhodes, Tyrone Downie, The Albertos** and **Jet Black.** A good time was had by all, but **Strangler Black** wasn't incredibly pleased at being lumbered with the £46 booze tab. Particularly since he's up before the magistrates, with **Jean Jacques,** later this month on a drunk and disorderly charge . . .

Eric "Slower-hand by the minute" **Clapton** comes out for **Bert Weedon.** Calling Bert's *Play In A Day* guitar handbook his inspiration. EC says: "I wouldn't have felt the urge to press on without the tips and encouragement that Bert's book gives you. I've never met a player of an consequence who doesn't say the same thing." *("That's right." — Django Reinhardt)* . . .

Congrats to a pair of Charlies: Anchor PR **Charlie McCutcheon's** wife has given birth to a daughter, **Amanda,** and Capitol PR **Charlie Webster** has been appointed Manager of Press and Artist Relations at EMI . . .

Bob Marley's homage to punk, "Punky Reggae Party" (co-written with legendary JA producer **Lee 'Scratch' Perry),** is released as a double-A single with "Jamming" on November 11. Written after Perry had heard **The Clash's** version of **Junior Murvin's** "Police And Thieves", "Punky Reggae Party" (a 12-inch at £1.50 and a 7-inch in a picture sleeve) gives name-checks to **The Slits, The Clash, The Jam, Dr. Feelgood, The Maytals** and, of course, **The Wailers . . .**

Captain Sensible overheard saying that **The Damned** had broken up — but that was a drunken jest. The Dims are, however, in dire need of a drummer. "The more obnoxious the better," The Cap told *T-Zers,* "but he should be able to play a bit, too . . ."

Joan Jett pleased to hear about **Rat Scabies'** recent reported suicide bid . . .

Dave Goodman mourning the theft of his irreplaceable Precision bass from The label's Fulham studio. Worthwhile reward from the Label (01-385 6012) . . .

"We felt like berks," says **Mick Jones** of the Clash-in-Belfast photos. "The soldiers thought we were stupid and so did the kids . . ."

Killjoy **Willy de Ville** nixed Capitol's delightful pic sleeve for Mink's "Little Girl" single (schoolgirl in plastic mac and see-through panties). A rock musician with a moral conscience in 1977 . . .?

Charlie Gillett and **Gordon Nelki** are reactivating the first of the British independent labels, Oval Records, with a New Year various artists package called The Oval Exiles. Oval is currently auditioning musicians to accompany writer/guitarists **Jimme Shelter** and **Bobby Henry.** Ex-Kilburns manager Gillett, by the way, knocked out by **Ian Dury's** contribution to the Stiff tour. "He was better than I'd ever seen him," said Charlie of the Friday Lyceum show, "Including all the Kilburns gigs . . ."

Tony Tyler's Technoflash piece got it wrong about **Tangerine Dream,** according to **Al** "Virgin" **Clark.** It's not TD who leave the stage with machines blaring, it's **Faust . . .**

The mike currently used onstage by **J. Rotten** bears a remarkable resemblance to one used last year at Wembley by **D. Bowie . . .**

Can this be possible? $30,000 worth of Pepsi consumed during **Fleetwood Mac's** recording of "Rumours". Surely they mean the real thing . . .?

Finally, and we mean finally, American evangelist **Billy Graham,** certain that he's going to die within the next decade, is looking forward to meeting **Elvis Presley** in Heaven. "He was a deeply religious man," says Graham. Don't forget the ketchup . . .

We here at . . .

. . . the World's Most Beleaguered Rock Weekly are again afflicted by problems at our printers. Consequently this week's issue has had to be restricted in size. The Singles, Silver Screen, Jazz and Crossword have had to be held over due to lack of space, and the Gig Guide, Albums and On The Town sections seriously restricted. Advertising has also been affected — the musicians' free classifieds service (Career Opportunities) will be back next week. In fact (fingers crossed) we hope to be back to normal next week with what we in the business call A Bumper Issue. In the meantime our apologies to readers and advertisers. Thanks for bearing with us.

NICK LOGAN

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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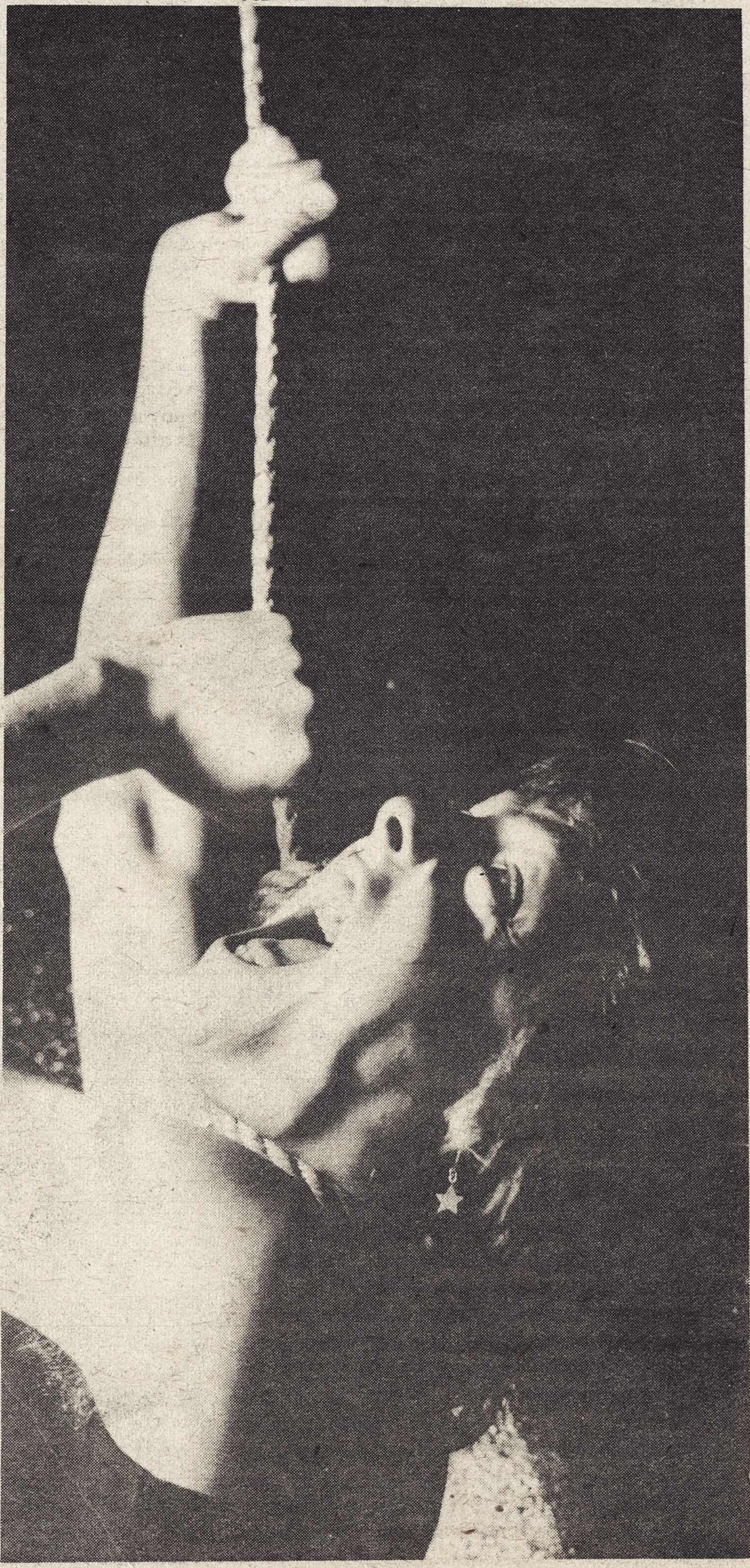

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